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THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR.

IN former times nothing was more unusual than for a sovereign to quit his dominions. Even the minor members of a reigning family seldom ventured abroad, and never without having some political object in view. Now Princes as well as subjects make their periodical excursions; and though the gossips of our clubs will not allow them to stir an inch for the mere purpose of sight-seeing or for the sake of that "change of air" which it is the aim of everyone else at this time of year to obtain, it nevertheless *does* happen that Royal personages will sometimes travel for the strange but, in our eyes, sufficient reason that they are fond of travelling. Is it for the sake of a journey, and of what they may find to interest them at the end of the journey, that the Prince and Princess of Wales are now on their way to the great northern capital? They will miss Prince Gortschakoff, for we perceive that that remarkably smart despatch-writer has very opportunely obtained permission to travel, which in Russia often amounts to receiving orders to go. Nor will they have the advantage of meeting General Mouravieff, who is still at his post at Wilna, unless, indeed, their Royal Highnesses' love of travel should induce them to return home through Poland. This, however, would be too much like a visit to a slaughter-house, and we can scarcely think that any such project is entertained.

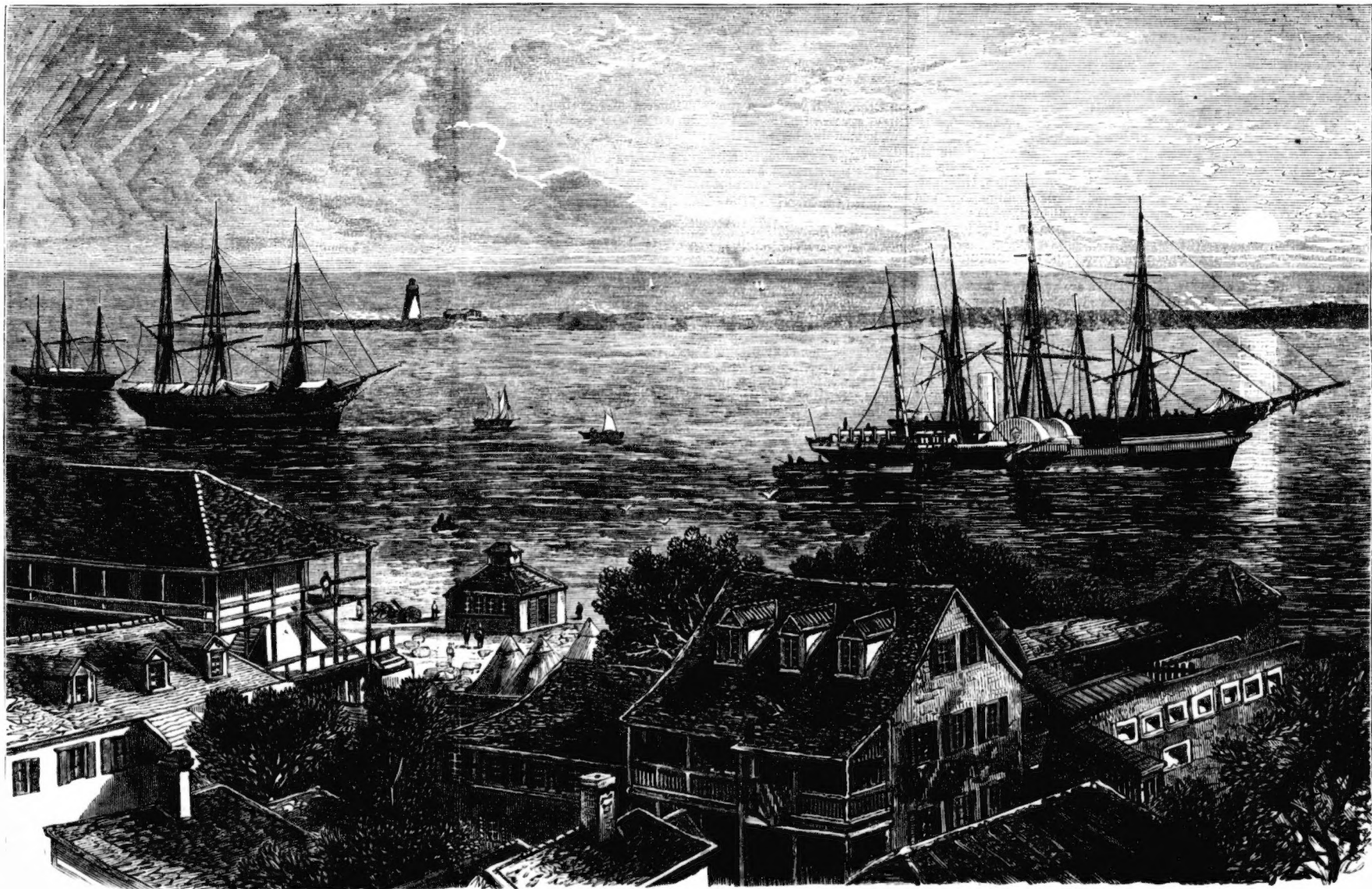
If the Prince and Princess of Wales are going to St. Petersburg merely to see the wonders of a city which is said to have made a very favourable impression on Prince Alfred when he visited it some three or four years ago, we can only say that they might have waited a little, and that it is not good taste to go there just now. If there is some political object in view, and an alliance with Russia is to be struck up, we hope, at least, that our Government has bargained for good terms. When Prince Gortschakoff's last despatch was

forwarded to Earl Russell it was said that our irritable, but at the same time very peaceful, Foreign Minister had received a blow and that he would have to pocket the affront. He not only pocketed it, but, having so many other affronts in the same pouch, forgot all about it, and soon afterwards proposed to Prince Gortschakoff to join him in menacing Prussia, Russia's constant and intimate ally. The same levity and looseness of principle which made Earl Russell threaten Russia one day, and, a few days afterwards, ask for her friendship and co-operation, would allow him now to make any sort of agreement with her which, viewed as a transaction by itself, might seem to be attended with immediate profit. There is no reason why we should not remain on good terms with Russia if Russia fulfils her international obligations towards us; but it seems strange to those uninitiated in the latest secrets of diplomacy that the British Government should reproach her with violating these obligations in the winter of 1863, and that, in the summer of 1864, the heir to the British throne should make arrangements for paying a friendly visit to the Russian capital.

It is certain, however, that the feeling between our Government and that of France is by no means cordial just now, and, judging from what has taken place during the last twenty years, it may be said that the alliances which from time to time are framed by any two of the three really great Powers against the third are affairs, not of principle, nor even of interest from a high point of view, but simply of temporary convenience. An alliance between England and France does not mean that England and France are going to divide Turkey, or to liberate Italy, Hungary, and Poland; and an alliance between England and Russia does not mean that the English Government approves of Russia's conduct towards the Circassians and Poles. No joint policy of an active kind

is implied, and the only signification of such compacts when England engages in them is that our Government wishes to secure one powerful friend, so that, at the worst, it cannot have more than one powerful enemy working against it.

Some twenty years ago, when France was fully armed, and seemed strongly disposed to attempt a settlement of the Eastern question according to her own plans, England was allied with Russia. After the visit of the Emperor Nicholas to England and the celebrated conversation, some years later, at St. Petersburg, between his Majesty and Sir Hamilton Seymour on the subject of the "sick man," we found that Russia was going too far for us. We discovered also that the same propositions which the Emperor had made in vain to the English Ambassador had afterwards been addressed to France; and therefore England and France drew close together, and the Crimean War ensued. After the taking of Sebastopol, France, either because we would not join her in endeavouring to raise up Poland, or because she had exhausted her resources, or for some other reason, left us and made advances to the Russians, which were naturally well received. At the time of the Italian War, Russia and France were in intimate alliance, and the good understanding between them lasted until the Polish insurrection broke out. Any endeavour on the part of the Poles to regain their independence must always excite the liveliest sympathy among the French, and the natural consequence of the rising of 1863 was to separate Russia from France and to place France once more side by side with England. Ultimately, however, France and England could not agree as to what steps ought to be taken on behalf of Poland after all friendly representations had failed; and the distinct and very prompt refusal of England to take part in the Emperor Napoleon's projected conference put an end to the Anglo-French alliance of 1863, and left



THE HARBOUR AND LIGHTHOUSE OF NASSAU, BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Russia, France, and England equally free to contract new engagements.

At the present time, then, if England cannot count upon the continued friendship of France, it may be absolutely necessary for her to arrive at some understanding with Russia. She may have to choose between doing this, on the one hand, and, on the other, leaving Russia and France to come to terms. We do not say, then, that an alliance between Russia and England is a deplorable thing in itself; but we certainly maintain that it is an alliance of which we cannot be very proud, and that it is a great triumph for Russia to have been in a position to force us to accept it. It may be that the Prince of Wales goes to St. Petersburg simply to enable the Czarevitch to come with a better grace to London while on his wooing trip to Princess Dagmar. It is quite true that the English Royal family has received many visits from members of the Imperial family of Russia, and that this is the first return visit that has ever been made in an official manner. At the same time, we are paying a marked compliment to a Government from which during the Polish negotiation we received something very like an insult; and, if the heir to the British throne is really obliged by the present state of affairs to make a complimentary call at St. Petersburg, Earl Russell ought to be forced, by way of punishment for the bad direction he has given to our foreign policy, to make a journey to Berlin, and leave a card with his Prussian correspondent and reprover, Herr Bismarck Schönhause.

NASSAU, BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

NASSAU, the chief town of the Bahamas, situated on the Island of New Providence, was, until the beginning of the American war, a most unimportant place, the population being small, and chiefly engaged in wrecking, fishing, and sponging. The Island of New Providence produces very little besides a few oranges, bananas, lemons, and coconuts, the cultivation of the soil being entirely neglected through the indolent habits of the coloured population—the negroes. Before the abolition of slavery it was one of the most fertile islands in the West Indies, producing tobacco equal to the finest Havannah leaf, besides sugar, coffee, and cotton; but now it is little better than a waste.

The town of Nassau has considerably increased in size, importance, and population since the commencement of the American war, many new warehouses and wharves having been erected for the accommodation of the immense quantities of goods which daily arrive there; while the increased trade and high rate of wages have induced a great number of the inhabitants of the out islands to flock into the town. Consequently, their old wrecking and sponging pursuits are neglected for the new and more profitable employment of running the blockade or assisting persons engaged in the "phantom commerce." There have been from time to time between 600 and 700 vessels employed in this trade, many of them remarkable for their great success, the Fanny being among the most fortunate, and after her the Antonica, Banshee, Margaret and Jessy, Lucy, Pet, Hansa, &c., all of which are fine, large, fast steamers. Other smaller craft have likewise distinguished themselves. Some time ago two English sailors, who had run steamers successfully into the blockaded ports and made a few pounds, thought they might have a "shy" at the trade on their own account. They accordingly purchased a small whale-boat for about £15, loaded her with salt (this article was worth 2d. 50c. per lb. in the Confederacy), provisioned their frail bark, and started, their only companion being a large Newfoundland dog. They arrived safely in Indian River, sold their salt, which produced sufficient for the purchase of two bales of sea-island cotton besides a few boxes of tobacco and provisions for their return to Nassau, where they arrived safely, and where their little cargo brought them nearly £150. This money the enterprising tars invested in the purchase of a larger vessel, which could carry thirty bales of cotton, and started on a new venture; but, unfortunately, they were caught almost in sight of their destination, were taken to Key West, their little vessel and cargo sold, and they themselves imprisoned, but released after a short time. Their daring deserved better luck.

The hotel at Nassau is a very fine one, but badly managed. It has been built by the Colonial Government and let to an American, who is making a fortune out of it. After tea of an evening, the portico of the hotel presents a very interesting appearance. Here all the residents assemble in a sort of "Change" to talk over things in general and blockade-running in particular. English, Germans, Spaniards, Americans (in large numbers), Jews of all nations, and a fair sprinkling of Yankee spies, are here collected, when chewing, spitting, smoking, and drinking brandy cocktails form the principal amusements.

The inhabitants of Nassau are supposed to be the descendants of Morgan, the celebrated pirate, and his followers, who used to put into Nassau to repair and recruit. There are very few purely white families in the place, most of the native inhabitants having a stain of negro blood in their veins, or, as the local phraseology has it, "a touch of the tar-brush." They seem a poor, shrunken, dried-up people, with ugly faces and worse manners; unsocial, stingy, and inhospitable.

The illustration on the preceding page gives a view of the harbour of Nassau, which is formed by a long, narrow coral reef, called Hog Island, that runs for about five miles beside and opposite to the town. The steamer Antonica is shown, coaling alongside a British ship. This celebrated vessel is reported to have run the blockade thirty-four times, and to have cleared upwards of £200,000 for her owners. In the foreground, to the left of the picture, is shown a portion of the barracks, which are alike remarkable for their cleanliness and ventilation. To the right are the residence and wharf of a Nassau merchant. One of the vessels in the harbour is her Majesty's ship Vesuvius.

DEATH OF PERE ENFANTIN, THE ST. SIMONIAN.—The Paris papers announce the death of the celebrated Pere Enfantin, the leader of the St. Simonian party after the revolution of July. The career of this remarkable man is one of the most singular histories of the age. Somewhat like our own Robert Owen, he pursued with an absolute sincerity, and with commanding ability, the doctrines of religious and social renovation which belonged to the school he conducted. His peculiar dress, no less than his peculiar doctrines, rendered him famous at one time. He was prosecuted, along with many of his followers, in 1832, and condemned to twelve months' imprisonment as an enemy to good morals. After his imprisonment he lived in Egypt and Algeria, and finally subsided into the management of a railway. He was undoubtedly a man of great ability, and his sincerity has never been questioned. He was in his sixty-ninth year when he died. M. Enfantin has left his son a sum of 450,000fr. His manuscripts, of which he had a great number, he bequeathed to the library of the Arsenal.

AN OBLIGING STATUE OF THE VIRGIN.—A singular trial has taken place at Madrid. A soldier was cited last week before the Police Court for having stolen a gold cup of considerable value which had been placed as a votive offering on one of the numerous altars dedicated in that city to the Virgin. The soldier at once explained that, he and his family being in great distress, he had appealed to the Holy Mother for assistance, and that, while engaged in prayer and contemplation of the four millions' worth of jewels displayed on her broadened petticoat, she stooped, and, with a charming smile, handed him the golden cup. This explanation was received by the Court in profound silence, and the case handed over to the ecclesiastical commission, to whom it at once occurred that, however inconvenient the admission of the miracle might be, it would be highly impolitic to dispute its possibility. They therefore gave the cup to the soldier, at the same time solemnly warning him for the future against similar favours from images of any kind, and impressing him with the conviction that the Virgin required profound silence from him as a proof of his gratitude.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Empress of the French has left Paris for Schwalbach, one of the fashionable spa towns of Nassau. There are, of course, the usual speculations as to the motive for this trip—whether it has a political object or is merely to give the Emperor an opportunity of following her there, and thus, as it were, afford an accidental opportunity for Royal or Imperial interviews. But the principal topic of conversation in political circles in Paris at present is the settlement of the Dano-Germanic question. On all hands it seems to be admitted that Prussia is to be enriched territorially at the expense of the unfortunate Danes, and all the discussions start from that assumption as a matter of course. In some quarters it is said that an understanding is being come to between France and Prussia, by which the former is to countenance the thefts of the latter on condition of getting something herself—probably a slice of the Rhine provinces.

Great excitement prevails among the workmen connected with the building trade in Paris, owing to the masters having given notice of a reduction of one per cent from the wages of the workmen, to be dedicated to the formation of a reserve fund. The workmen justly contend that their consent to the project should have been asked, and difficulties are expected to arise if it is not abandoned.

The Paris papers announce that a new Franco-Annamite treaty has been signed, allowing the establishment of a French protectorate in six provinces of lower Cochinchina, the opening of three important ports on the Annam coast, entire liberty to French missionaries to propagate the Christian religion throughout the whole kingdom, and the establishment of consular agents at the ports opened to commerce.

SWITZERLAND.

Tranquillity is stated to have been partially restored in Geneva. No further arrests have been made. Public opinion throughout Switzerland is said to condemn very generally the proceedings of M. Fazy. A letter from Geneva announces the death of Ferdinand Lasalle, a distinguished social agitator, who was very popular among the working classes of Germany. Lasalle was killed in a duel by a Moldo-Wallachian.

GREECE.

The letter of the deputy for Nafpaktos to the King, which has caused such an uproar in Athens, runs thus:—

Sire,—We Greeks staked the fortune of our country, and expelled a Sovereign whom, as an individual, we esteemed—that is, Otho—because Royalty was become the abettor of factions. Sire, the capital of the kingdom, and all Greece as well, are fully convinced, within the last few days, that your Court has descended, with all its weight, into the political arena in the case of the election of the President of the National Assembly, and scandalously used your name. Sire, the struggle for the election of the President had no other object than to correct your Court, which has long acted in opposition to the oath which the constitutional King gave to the nation, and a great majority was working to bring it back quietly and smoothly to its proper position. But corruption triumphed. And yet the victory of your courtiers is injurious to the Crown and a misfortune to the country. Sire, such policy separates the King from the love of his people, in which love ought to lie your strength. Such policy will not be borne by Greece, and the humblest of your subjects, urged by a sincere regard for your Majesty and the country, humbly begs your Majesty to save this land, in which you expressed a wish to live and die, from a repetition of such scenes.—The most sincere and obedient subject of your Majesty, EUTHIMIOS PLASTIRAS, Deputy for Nafpaktos.

DENMARK.

The Danish Rigsraad has been closed with a short message from the King, which was read by the President of the Council. The King announced that, if necessary, he would convoke the Chambers for an extraordinary session. It is rumoured that the Peace Conference is not likely to make much progress, because of obstructions thrown in the way of any arrangement by the Danish negotiators. The latter, it is said, are extremely unwilling to agree to the financial settlement proposed, and even threaten to break off the negotiations and renew the war, declaring that Denmark could not lose more than she is likely to lose by accepting the terms offered to her, which, if rumour speak truth, are of a very onerous nature.

INDIA.

We have intelligence from Bombay to the 8th ult. There had been plentiful rain in every part of the peninsula; and the reports of the state of the crops from all quarters were most favourable. Owing to the heavy falls, some portions of the cotton would have to be resown, but in most places the cotton-fields presented a very promising appearance. The Bhootanese have commenced quarrelling among themselves, and there is every prospect of a serious civil war between the respective chiefs and their partisans. From Afghanistan we learn that the Ameer and his rebellious brother have become friends, and that there is now some hope of a good understanding between them.

NEW ZEALAND.

The Maoris were attacked and defeated by the British troops on the 25th of June. The enemy lost 200 men. The chief who commanded the Maoris at Gate Pah was among the killed.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

The military news from New York is to the 27th ult. Grant, at that date, maintained his position on the Weldon Railway; but nothing is said of any further movement by him, or any attempt to take advantage of a situation which has cost him severe losses to secure; for it is admitted that, in his operations here and at Deep Bottom, his casualties in a single week amounted to 12,000, the 5th Corps alone having lost 5000 men.

On Sunday, Aug. 21, an engagement occurred between Sheridan and Early, near Charlestown. There was considerable loss on both sides. Sheridan fell back to Halloway. It was reported that Lee in person was advancing up the Shenandoah Valley, with infantry and cavalry, to reinforce Early for a Northern invasion. Latest accounts from the Upper Potomac are conflicting, some stating that Early was repulsed in an attempt to cross the Potomac at Williamsport, while others assert that he had run a considerable force into Maryland.

Nashville despatches of the 14th state that during a reconnaissance of the obstructions of Mobile Bay on the 14th, Admiral Farragut discovered that an ironclad had been sunk directly in the channel, rendering approach to the city impossible. Two small iron-clad rams and several plated batteries were seen near the city, and the gun-boat Morgan ran down and threw a few shells at the Federal vessels. The guns of Fort Morgan remain silent, although General Granger's forces are within close range. It is expected that the fort will be desperately defended. The Tennessee proves to be a valuable addition to the Federal fleet: she has been thoroughly repaired. She is believed to be one of the most formidable vessels afloat, having suffered very little damage from her engagement with Farragut's entire fleet.

There is nothing further of importance from Atlanta, except positive confirmation that Hood had been heavily reinforced. Colonel Kilpatrick had destroyed ten miles of the Macon Railroad; while the Confederate General Wheeler had cut the Chattanooga and Knoxville Railway, near London, on the 21st. He was moving towards Knoxville, followed by the Federal General Steedman.

On the morning of the 21st General Forrest, with 3000 Confederate cavalry, dashed suddenly into Memphis and captured thirty officers and 250 men. The garrison, numbering 900 men, took refuge in the neighbouring forts, and Generals Washburn, Hurlbut, and Buckland, who were in the city, narrowly escaped capture. After holding the city about two hours, and sacking the military headquarters and storehouses, Forrest left, taking with him considerable plunder. It is said that the garrison offered but little resistance, being poorly officered.

The Confederate Colonel Dickson had routed a body of Federal cavalry at Gainsborough, Florida, on the 18th ult., capturing 150

prisoners and one cannon. He also rescued 100 negroes kidnapped by the Federals.

The Mississippi steamer Empress, from New Orleans, with 500 passengers, many of whom were women and children, was fired into near Gaines' Landing, midway between Vicksburg and Memphis, on the 10th ult., by a Confederate battery. Twenty persons were killed or wounded before the steamer got out of range.

Rumours of peace negotiations were current, and the *New York Herald* says that Judge Black had been sent by Government to Niagara to reopen negotiations with the Confederate commissioners.

Prominent Republicans of Boston had proposed to Mr. Lincoln and General Fremont to withdraw from the presidential contest, in order that a new Convention may be called, and a candidate selected who will receive the united support of the party. General Fremont announced his willingness to comply, providing his conduct meets with the approbation of the Cleveland Convention, and that Mr. Lincoln positively and definitively withdraws. The nomination of General McClellan by the Chicago Convention was thought probable.

Ex-Surgeon-General Hammond had been found guilty by a court-martial at Washington of the grossest frauds and speculation while in office of supplies for the sick and wounded soldiers, and declared for ever disqualified to again hold office under the Government.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CONFERENCE AT MALINES.

A CONGRESS of about 4000 Roman Catholics has been sitting at Malines for the purpose of considering the state of the Church, and devising means for spreading and consolidating her influence. The first business was the adoption of an address of the profoundest devotion to the Pope. Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, when returning thanks for the enthusiastic reception accorded to him, stated that he should probably not have attended but for the defeat of the clerical party at the Belgian elections. In the hour of disaster he felt bound to stand by his friends. The Congress was, as might be expected, very reactionary in its tone and sentiments. Even M. de Montalembert was not deemed sufficiently sound in his views to be allowed to take part in the proceedings. One speaker was for acknowledging no country, but merging all national distinctions under the sole sovereignty of the Pope, and he was loudly cheered for his suggestion. Letters from Malines give some rather ludicrous features of the transactions and of the actors in them. One communication, dated the 2nd inst., has the subjoined account of the day's proceedings:—

The general sitting to-day was a most extraordinary one. It was opened by a speech from the Abbé de Woelmont, of Namur, almoner to the Pontifical Zouaves at Rome. According to this candid ecclesiastic, the best means to avoid anxiety, or even sickness, is to make some member of your family enjoin in the Pontifical Zouaves. It is a sovereign remedy. Those who have no children or male relations ought to send subscriptions to the care of M. de Woelmont, as that disinterested priest is devotedly attached to Rome, but, as he owned, still more so to his own parish.

He was followed by a Hungarian, M. Mayer, who dwelt upon the urgency of establishing a clerical press in Hungary. Father Herman then addressed the meeting. He is a converted Jew, and now a Carmelite monk. Some twenty years ago, a pianist without prospects and a composer without a publisher, young Herman filled a rather inglorious rôle with M. Liezt. He carried the music-rolls of his master, and accompanied him in that way. This porter's life soon fatigued him. He himself said he would rather be the first in a convent than the last in a concert and, miraculously illumined by the Virgin Mary, he became a barefooted Carmelite friar. For some years the Church has made a liberal use of this miracle of ambition, and has taken from organ to organ and from pulpit to pulpit the hackneyed fables of this victim of the piano and the hollow eloquence of this mystical mystifier. We have heard the same prelude and the same sermon twenty times, and have listened as often to this phrase from his lips, "I have seen the world, I have known the world, I have loved the world." He is now superior of the convent of Carmelite friars at London, and has enriched his oratorical harpsichord with a new string—the execution of four men who were hanged. He last year had the good fortune to confess one of four piratical sailors who were condemned for misdeeds committed on the high seas. His criminal was a Catholic, the three others were Protestants. You can imagine the theme, and the variations of which this contrast is the pretext. The Catholic, after receiving absolution and extreme unction, was happy in his approaching hanging. When he was cut down from the gibbet, and the cap which covered his countenance had been removed, every one admired the serenity and the ecstatic expression of his features. The Protestants, on the contrary, grimaced horribly, and their countenances betrayed the sufferings of their souls, henceforth delivered over to infernal torments. Such is the sonata which Father Herman executed at Brussels in the Church St. Gudule on the occasion of Lent, and which he repeated to-day before the wonder-stricken, trembling Congress of Malines, which was quite ready to cry "Bis!" to the virtuoso.

M. François Lenormant advocated the establishment of a clerical press in Greece. Father Dechamps, a member of the so-called Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, endeavoured to demonstrate that the Congress at Malines did not partake of any political character. It was simply a congress of social and religious science. Father Felix, a celebrated Jesuit, then addressed the meeting. His speech was devoted to an attempt to reconcile the theory of an infallible Church with liberty of conscience. The peroration of Father Felix's harangue produced an inconceivable effect. "I propose to you," exclaimed Father Felix, raising his hands to heaven, "to terminate this sitting by a cheer in honour of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour." Transported with a holy delirium, the assembly replied to this proposal by cries, a hundred times repeated, of "Vive Jésus Christ!" One might, indeed, have believed oneself at a banquet at the moment when the health of the host was proposed. All that was wanting was the champagne and the glasses. "Our Holy Father the Pope" and "Our Holy Mother the Holy Church" were shouted in the same fashion; and when the orator quitted the tribune the members of the congress, wild with excitement, mounted on the chairs and the benches, waving their hats and their handkerchiefs, and crying, with heads bare, "Vive le Pere Felix, Vive les Jésuites!"

ALEXANDER DUMAS AND THE CENSORSHIP.

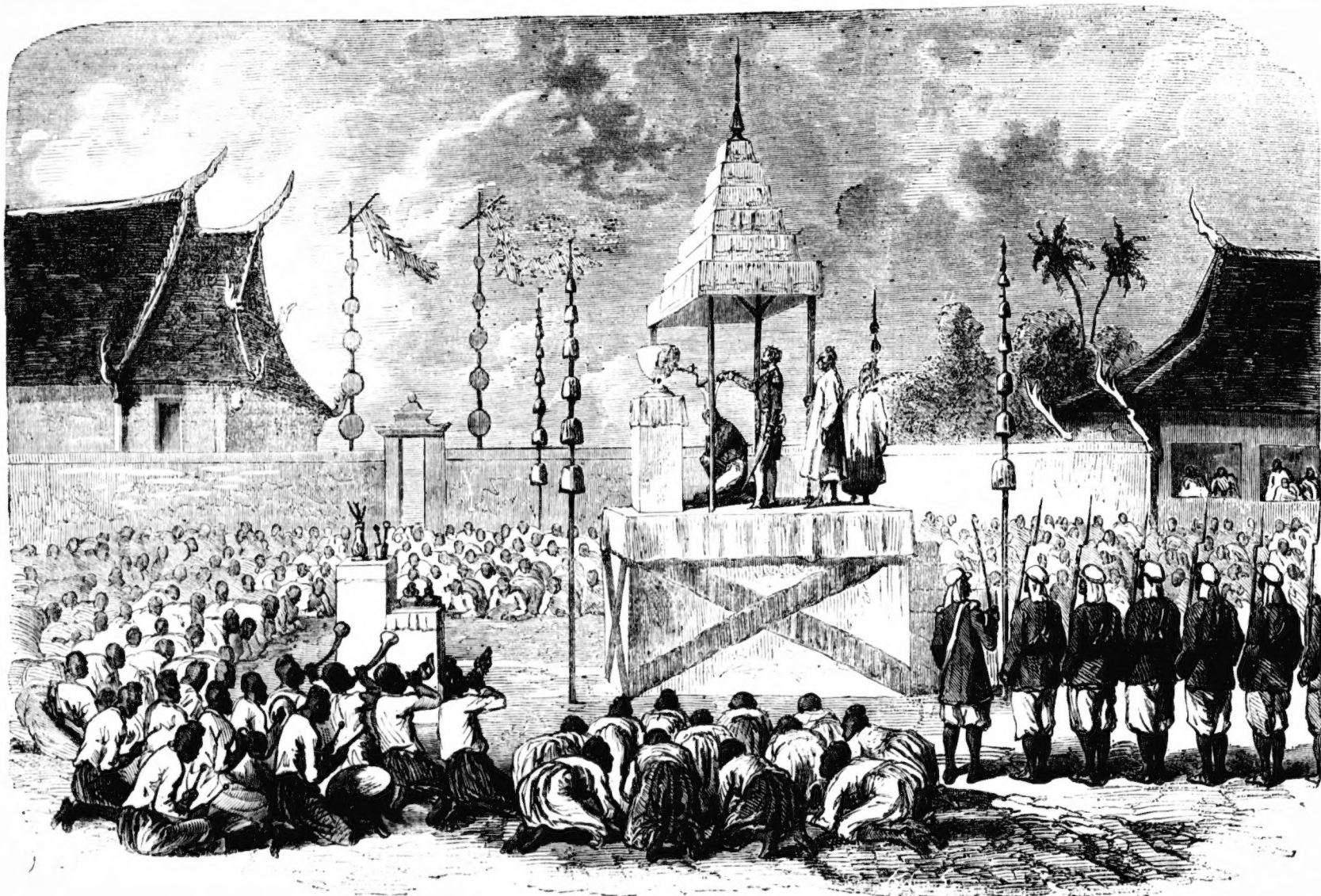
Alexander Dumas has just addressed the following letter to the Emperor on the subject of his piece recently produced in Paris, and called the "Mohicans," which had been stopped by the censor:—

Sire,—In 1830 (and even to-day) there were three men at the head of French literature—Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and myself. Victor Hugo is proscribed; Lamartine is ruined. I cannot be exiled, like Victor Hugo, as, neither by word, writing, nor act have I given the authorities any hold over me; but I can be ruined, like Lamartine, and I am being ruined. I do not know what has excited the censure against me. I have written and published 1200 volumes. It is not for me to appreciate their literary merits. Translated into all tongues, they have gone as far as steam could carry them. Although the least worthy of the three, in the five parts of the world I have become the most popular; because one is a thinker, the other a dreamer, whilst I am a populariser (*je suis, moi, un vulgarisateur*). Of these 1200 volumes there is not one but could be given to any workman of the Faubourg St. Antoine, the most Republican, or to any young girl of the Faubourg St. Germain, the most modest of our Faubourgs. Well, Sire, in the eyes of the censure I am the most impure man alive. Within twelve years the censure has successfully stopped "Isaac Laquedem," sold for 80,000fr.; the "Tower de Nesle," after 800 representations, stopped for seven years; "Angele," stopped, after 300 representations, for six years; "Antony," also for six years, after 350 representations; "La Jeunesse de Louis XIV.," not played, though received by the French Theatre. To-day the censure stops "The Mohicans of Paris," which was to have been played on Saturday. It will probably, on some pretext or another, forbid "Olympia of Cleves" and "Balsamo," which plays I am writing now. I do not complain any more for the "Mohicans" than for my other dramas. I would observe to your Majesty that during the three years of the restoration of Charles X., during the eighteen years reign of Louis Philippe, I never had a piece either suspended or arrested; and I add, for your Majesty alone, that it appears to me unjust to make a single dramatic author lose more than half a million when so many men, who do not deserve the name, are encouraged and supported. I appeal, then, for the first, and probably for the last, time to the Prince whose hand I had the honour to press at Arenenberg, at Ham, and at the Elysée, and who, finding me a devoted proselyte when he was on the road to exile and the road to prison, has never found me a solicitor when on that of empire.

"This letter," says the *Europe*, "was handed to the Emperor by Marshal Vaillant, who, as Minister of State, has the theatres under his supervision. It produced the effect desired by the writer, for the 'Mohicans' has been played, but with the suppression of three tableaux of the original manuscript."

THE MARRIAGE is announced as about to take place of M. d'Erlanger, banker, and Consul-General for Greece at Frankfurt, with Miss Siddell, youngest daughter of the representative at Paris of the Confederate States of America.

A NEW RIDE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.—Alterations of an extensive character are going on in St. James's Park, with a view to provide a ride for horsemen such as that of Rotten-row, in Hyde Park. The portion of the park which Mr. Cowper, the Chief Commissioner of Works, has set apart for this purpose extends from Storey's-gate to Buckingham Palace, being the whole length of Birdcage-walk. It has hitherto formed part of what is known as the inclosure, which has been devoted to the use of persons who are not fortunate enough to have horses and carriages, and who have contentedly availed themselves of it for the purpose of recreation. A space between 30 ft. and 40 ft. of ground in depth along the whole length of the walk has been dug up, and is now a *rudis indigestaque moles*. In the course of a few days the railings on the north side of Birdcage-walk will be removed 30 ft. or 40 ft. back, and that large and important strip of ground will be cut off from the inclosure. As soon as the necessary arrangements can be made it will be thrown open as a ride for the exclusive use of the aristocracy.



CORONATION OF THE KING OF CAMBODIA: THE PURIFICATION CEREMONY.

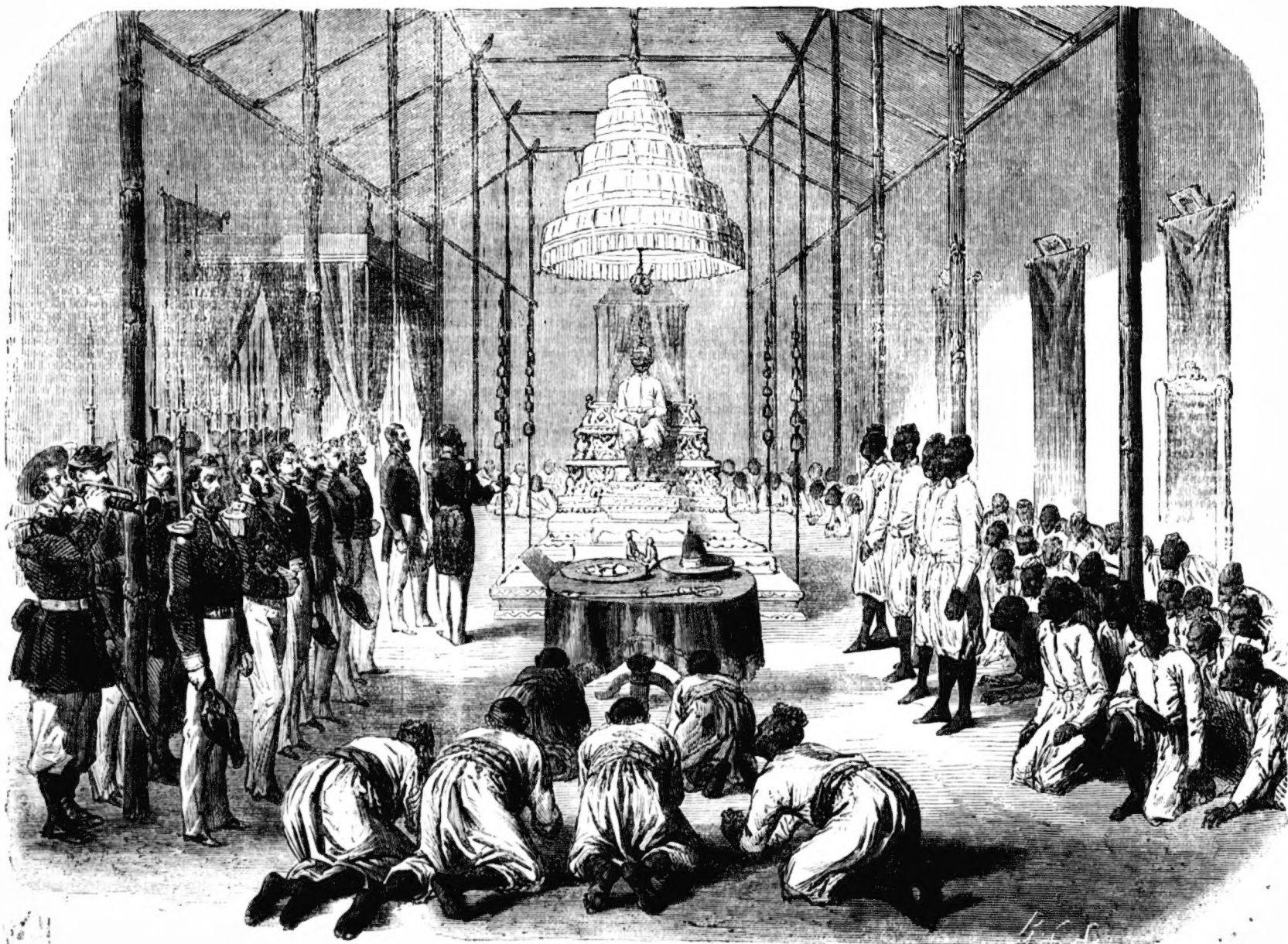
THE FRENCH IN COCHIN-CHINA.

THE result of the recent operations of the French troops in Cochin-China has resulted in a more reliable condition of the colony of which Saigon is the capital, and recent advices state that the definitive establishment of six villages on the Arrayo is a pledge for the future tranquility of the colony. The Annamites residing in these villages are ancient proprietors of the soil who have proved their titles, or emigrants from the interior who have rendered the French army service, and whom it was expedient to establish near the French head-quarters. The natives who attached themselves to

the French army suffered much from the chances of war. A few made some money, but found it difficult to preserve it. They either buried it or wasted it, and it became urgent for the Governor of the French colony to provide for them. He was enabled to do so by allotting them land within the boundaries of the new town, which are too extensive to be occupied by the European population. It will be consequently their interest to maintain order and to support French authority. A religious procession was seen for the first time at Mytho on the 31st of May. The unusual pomp of the ceremony attracted a great multitude of Annamites. Some came through

curiosity, others were converts to Christianity, but all returned home pleased.

Since these occurrences, however, the French have taken part in a ceremony of considerable importance, and one which will, one way or other, have an immense influence on the whole colony and the relations sustained between France and Cambodia—no less an event, in fact, than the coronation of the new King of the latter territory, which is the country divided by the River Camboge or Mekon from the kingdom of Annam, and belonging to the territory of Siam. The ceremony took place at Udaug; and early in the



COMMANDANT DESMOULINS ADDRESSING THE KING AT THE TERMINATION OF THE CEREMONY.

morning the French representatives repaired to Houdon, the Commander-in-Chief, who was delegated by the Governor to preside at the coronation, having summoned all the officers of marine from the vessels lying in the Upper Cambodge. Meanwhile the King himself had provided a cortege of elephants and well-appointed cars, to which a body of marine artillery formed the escort. Having arrived at the French camp at Houdon the company waited until they received an intimation that the ceremony was about to take place, and at about half-past eight in the morning a messenger arrived to inform the Commander-in-Chief (Desmoulin) that all was ready. The French officers then repaired to the palace, whither the Siamese representatives had already preceded them in such very quiet apparel that they afforded a remarkable contrast to the gay military uniforms of the Europeans, who numbered twenty marines and sixty soldiers. On entering the gates of the outer courtyard the first symptom of decoration was manifest, the broad pathway which, with its two great basins, almost as large as lakes, leads to the inner inclosure, being lined on each side with ornamented masts, gay with all kinds of flags and pennons and painted gewgaws, after the Indian fashion. Added to these was a host of gigantic umbrellas, and those everlasting frames of tinkling bells which the Siamese seem to consider necessary to every state occasion. Several elephants of enormous size, covered with green housings, regarded the visitors as they passed with that wonderful immobility of strength so peculiar to these gigantic beasts. On entering the pagoda prepared for the ceremony, the distinguished guests were received by the King amidst a tootling, and drumming, and general striking up of strange instruments of music, which quite drowned the murmurs of the crowd, and the Siamese Envoy, his Excellency Phya-Mantti-Surigwanse, saluted the officers with unmistakable courtesy, while the French soldiers at once disposed themselves about the saloon and added a new element to the scene. The pagoda had evidently been "done up" for the occasion, the middle of the building being occupied by the throne, which stood beneath a canopy constructed of a series of umbrellas, which bore a grotesque resemblance to an enormous crinoline composed of some kind of cloth, ornamented with plates of silver. In front of this was placed a gorgeous sofa for his Majesty, and a table, on which were placed the insignia of his sovereignty. On the right and left chairs and fauteuils were placed in parallel lines—the French representatives occupying those on the King's right hand, and the Siamese those placed on his left. His Majesty was attired in a dress of soft stuff of a reddish-brown colour and of exquisite fineness and lustre; while the Siamese Envoy glistened all over with gold, as though he had been newly coined for the occasion—an effect mitigated by an embroidered shirt worn over all. The French officers were, of course, dressed in their newest and most effective uniforms. After an exchange of compliments, the King asked for his watch and announced that it was time for him to prepare for the ceremony of purification, which was to take place at the principal entrance of the pagoda, where there had been erected a great white dais, approached by several steps and shaded by a canopy supported by four pillars. Here the King presently appeared without any clothing, except a linen cloth, which left his arms and breast entirely bare. From a silver urn placed in front of the platform a stream of pure water was turned on, through a spout terminating in an apparatus resembling the rose of a watering-pot; and the principal soothsayer of the Crown stood beside his Majesty, bearing the electoral vase and a curious marine shell, with a silver rim. The King, having desired the Commander-in-Chief to commence the ablutions, sunk on one knee beneath the spout of the urn, while Commandant Desmoulin received the shell from the hands of the priest and twice filled it with water, which he discharged upon the Royal head and shoulders, the Siamese Ambassador afterwards repeating the ceremony; after which the King disappeared to make a fresh toilet, amidst general satisfaction and not a few signs of smothered merriment. On his return he took his seat on the regal sofa, attired in a casaque of thick gold tissue, the scarf of embroidered crimson silk, which extended from the hips to the middle of the leg, leaving his feet bare, while he wore no covering on his head. On his ears, however, he wore a few green leaves, so placed that they resembled a wreath. Having received from the High Priest some sacred water, with which he washed his face, and some new leaves, which he also placed on his ears; and an old document, which was in reality a prayer written upon parchment, the sacred music—that is to say, the blaze of silver-mounted shells and the tum-tum of tamborines—commenced a wild accompaniment. The King, who was crouched

crosslegged on the sofa, turned in succession to each of the surrounding priests, who thereupon addressed to him a few holy words. The Siamese Envoy then took the crown from the table and handed it to the French Envoy, who placed it in the hands of his Majesty, and afterwards assisted to place it on the Royal head and fix it with the hooked earrings provided for that purpose. The crown, which is of great weight, is a hollow hemisphere of considerable thickness. It is composed of gold, ornamented with jewels, knobs of burnished silver, balls, and little bells. When once he had assumed the insignia of Royalty his Majesty appeared quite radiant, and said that the news should be announced to the people; after which the tidings of his coronation were made known by salvos of artillery to his expectant subjects. The



BUST OF THE LATE SIR G. C. LEWIS, RECENTLY ERECTED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—(H. WEEKS, SCULPTOR.)

Commander-in-Chief then addressed his Majesty in a set speech, and was followed by the Siamese Mandarin; and King Norodon (for this is one of his numerous names) then told Commandant Desmoulin that the moment had arrived for him to salute his powerful chief, the Emperor Napoleon, at the same time asking him to point out the direction of France and instruct him how to perform a salute. The Commander, in reply, stepped for a few paces towards the sun, slightly inclining his head, and the King, turning in the same direction, made several very profound inclinations, placing his hand to his crown as the Commandant removed his hat. The King then saluted Siam in the ordinary method—by joining the hands and carrying them to the ground.

A final ceremony, which was of a purely personal nature, then took place. The King, occupying the sofa in front of the throne, awaited the coming of the high priest, who brought him two sacred images, which were placed for an instant on his knees, and then pre-

sented him with various weapons (among them two magnificent scabbards), and several boxes and vases forming part of the Royal property. All these his Majesty received by touching them with his hands; and a pair of golden slippers, like great goloshes, were the last present, the King putting them on his feet as a termination to this part of the ceremony, after which he remounted the throne. The visitors were then introduced into that part of the palace devoted to the women, and found them all prepared for inspection in that respectful position demanded by the Royal presence. At the end of a vast gallery, seated on cushions, was a very ancient dame—the Royal grandmother, nearly a hundred years old, and a very grateful patient of the French surgeon to the Embassy, for whom she entertains a particular regard.

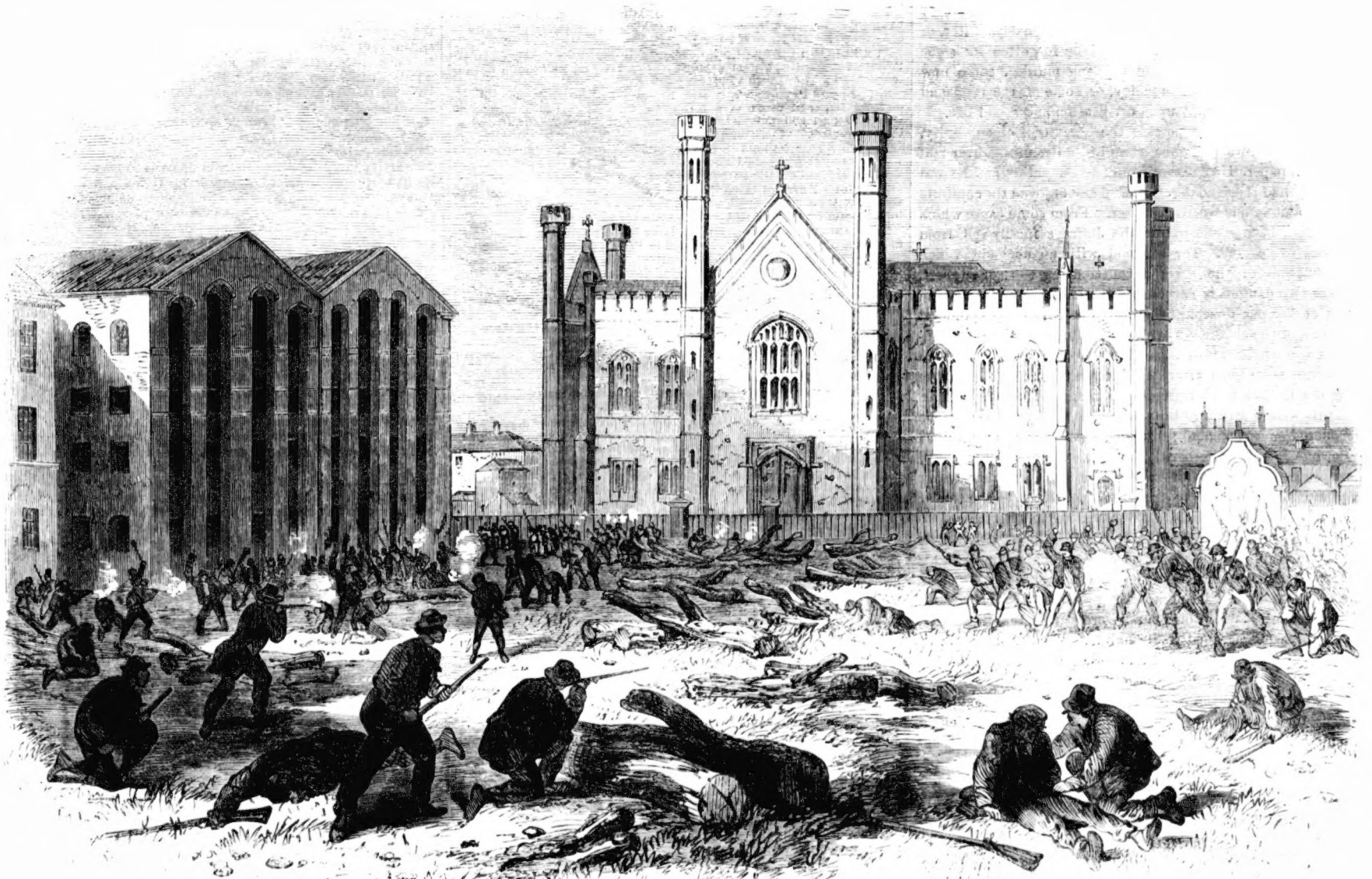
In one part of the palace a crowd of women of all ages were assembled, being no others than pensioners of the Government who are suffered to live there from their associations with Royalty. These, however, were less interesting than the long file of Cambodian beauties arrayed in four lines the whole length of the apartments to the number of sixty to eighty; standing in one position like statues with almost immovable faces. The two first lines belonged to the harem of the King, and the other formed a sort of female guard armed with sabres in gilt scabbards, held upon their shoulders. Then came the bayaderes, the actresses, and the general assemblage of the Royal entertainers, who stood holding bouquets in their hands. Throughout the introduction of the European visitors the King, it was observed, seemed to trouble himself but little about the unwonted intrusion of foreigners into the precincts hitherto held so sacred, and conducted his guests through the various apartments with a courtesy which had about it much to show that he was already anxious to adopt European manners.

BUST OF THE LATE SIR G. C. LEWIS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE bust of the late Sir George Cornwallis Lewis which has just been placed in Westminster Abbey, and of which we publish an Engraving on another page, is the result of a private subscription among Sir George's personal friends, the leading men among whom were Sir E. Head, George Grote, Esq., and the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, under whose direction the bust was modelled by the sculptor, Mr. H. Weeks, from the various photographs of the deceased statesman which are well known to the public, and is considered to be a very satisfactory likeness. The design of the work was intentionally made similar to one, by the same artist, of the late Charles Buller, to which, in fact, it is a companion. Previous to being placed in the Abbey, the bust was in this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy. The whole production is, so far as its architecture is concerned, of a very simple character, and has been completed by the sculptor at a cost of 215 guineas, besides the payment of heavy fees to the Abbey. These heavy fees, we think, might, with much propriety, have been foregone by the Dean and Chapter in the case of a tribute to a man who, like Sir George Cornwallis Lewis, added lustre at once to the literary, the philosophical, and the political annals of his country; and the placing of whose bust in the Abbey confers more honour on that hall of departed worth than its reception there can add to his fame.

THE RIOTS AT BELFAST.

WE have already published full details and some Engravings of scenes during the late riots at Belfast. The accompanying illustration portrays a fight which took place in front of St. Malachy's Roman Catholic Chapel, which was attacked by a body of the so-called Protestant party, in retaliation for damage done by the Catholic faction upon Protestant edifices. At the time of the attack a body of navvies was inside the building, and their *confreres* were informed of the movement by scouts. Both sides were soon greatly reinforced, and a battle ensued. They commenced with stone-throwing, then closed in, and had a desperate fight with fists and sticks. Bullets were fired in among them from inside the chapel railings, and both parties then separated and commenced firing on an extensive scale. The stone-throwing and firing were recommenced at the same time, while two separate detachments continued fighting with an endless variety of weapons. The scene was an awful one, and few persons that were there escaped without some wounds. Many bore away serious memorials of the encounter. Meanwhile the windows of the chapel were smashed,



THE BELFAST RIOTS: FIGHT IN FRONT OF ST. MALACHY'S CHAPEL.

and the contending factions were alternately repulsed; but the most decisive execution was effected by men who fired from inside the chapel; through the windows. Twenty local policemen ran to the chapel; but it would have been madness for them to interfere without firearms. They had to beat a speedy retreat; so, without let and without hindrance, the battle raged for more than half an hour, till a troop of cavalry rode among the mob and compelled them to cease. Many persons were then found lying on the ground suffering from wounds.

Some strange figures have been published in *re* the late riots. The disturbances, as the public are aware, were permitted to continue for no less than fourteen days! During that period 175 persons were wounded and nine persons were killed. There was, for the greater portion of the time, congregated in Belfast a force numbering over 4000 military and constabulary, not, of course, including the local force, which stands for nil. Yet the number of persons arrested, as being concerned one way or another in the riots, is represented by fifty, and the charges against those are for "having arms in their possession in a proclaimed district." The claims lodged under the Grand Jury Act for compensation for injuries sustained amount, in the aggregate, to between £9000 and £10,000.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

THE LAST CASE OF STARVATION.

It is not in the depth of inclement winter, or under the pressure of sudden national commercial misfortune, that the last case of starvation at the east end of London has been brought before the public notice. While "all London" is enjoying itself at the seaside; while even hard, money-getting City men are experiencing the joys of a holiday with Nature, there comes upon us once again the well-known paragraph-heading of "Shocking Case of Starvation." There is something peculiarly painful and terrible in this most recent illustration of the working of our poor-law system. We are, to our own shame, growing accustomed to ordinary cases of death from destitution. Some poor wretch, whose whole life has been one long struggle with misery; some wretched miser, whom the disease of gold-loving has deprived of all enjoyment of life; or some poor, neglected castaway, may be found, as such are found from time to time, stretched, a mere skeleton, dead from lack of the commonest necessities of subsistence, upon the floor of a Bethnal-green garret. Are the parochial authorities to be blamed? They can bear it. A few scathing leaders in the daily papers, full of invective far beyond the obtuse comprehensions of the Bumbles of the union and the spouters of the vestry-room, represent their only penalty. They know well enough that in three days after, or a shorter time, the whole matter will be forgotten for some interesting divorce case, some exciting murder, some new phase of foreign or domestic policy, or some of the thousand novel accidents attendant upon civilisation and social life.

But this present case touches the heart of Respectability. Mr. Henry Jeffreys was once a well-to-do manufacturer and bleacher of paper. He had a son and two daughters, and he and his family had received the education and enjoyed the comforts common among our wealthy classes. From some cause which has not yet been made public, the Jeffreys family fell from affluence to poverty. The son met with an accident which deprived him of the power of contributing to their support, and the two daughters earned a bare subsistence by making shirts at 2s. per dozen. The end was a Coroner's inquest upon one of the sisters. Then it came out that the disinclination of the whole family to receive parochial relief had been so intense that, even after the decease of one of them from sheer destitution, the sentiment still remained unconquerable.

If this were a solitary idiosyncrasy, it might, of course, be considered as exceptional; but every week it is exemplified under one form or another. Wretches of the most degraded class prefer to beg or fall from starvation in the streets, or even to enter the gaol, to trusting themselves to the tender mercies of union officials. No hope, no independence, no liberty, awaits the pauper. All that can be done, without the employment of bodily torture, is done to make him feel his subservience. And the tendency of the poor law is to make the workhouse more intolerable in proportion to the poverty of the district. When once a poor creature enters the house, he, or she, when trained to its habits, is kept there, without encouragement to leave it, in order that an excuse may be afforded for the exclusion of others.

Equalisation of the poor rates has been proposed as a remedy for this state of things. No doubt, this would effect much; but certainly not all. The present system is unsupportable by argument. The poorest districts bear the heaviest burden of the rates; consequently, where aid is most needed it is most inadequate and most grudgingly bestowed. Nor, on the other hand, do the occupants of houses in wealthier parishes profit by the lower scale of rating, since this is always treated by landlords as an excuse for a higher rental. The whole system of our poor law requires revision. It has been suggested, and with good

show of reason, that a long payment of rates should be considered as a kind of insurance against poverty. But something more yet is needed. When such cases as this occur, the practical British mind instinctively seeks for some one on whom to cast the blame, which sinks into insignificance when distributed among vestrymen, guardians, overseers, and boards. Let us have a responsible Minister for the Poor, with a position above and beyond that of a mere chairman or president—one who may be liable, in his place in Parliament, to be called to strict account, not only for the hardships of individuals among our poor, but for neglect in revision and amendment of the whole system. At present paupers are at the mercy of discussion-classes, from the Poor-Law Board down to the vestry-halls. Of all classes throughout the country, our poor alone are made the slaves of a democracy in which the governed are not only unrepresented but regarded as enemies to be repelled, conquered, and repressed.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, it is said, is again in an interesting situation.

THE EX-GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY has just been re-elected Mayor of Schiackewerth, in Bohemia, the ex-Sovereign being philosophically content to act as Mayor of his village.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, for his stay at Kissenen of three weeks, had to pay the trifle of £6250; while his Majesty of Prussia, for a brief sojourn at Gastein, was mulcted in £4650.

THE FRENCH COUNCIL OF STATE has adopted a project for acceding an annual pension of 20,000*fr.* to the Duchess of Malakoff, widow of Marshal Pelissier.

MR. HUBBARD, M.P., has contributed the sum of £1000 towards the restoration of the parish church of Buckingham.

THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND died on Tuesday afternoon at Raby Castle. His Grace only succeeded to the dukedom a few months ago, on the death of his brother.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE is in about the same state of health as when he left town. His Grace is very weak, and does not take any outdoor exercise.

TWO NEW MAHOGANY LIFE-BOATS have just been built at Cowes for the Pacha of Egypt.

ON THE MANCHESTER AND MILFORD HAVEN LINE (shortly to be opened) there will be a station named Pontrhyfendigaid.

MISS VICTOIRE BALFE, who was formerly known as Lady Crampton, will shortly, it is said, "espouse a grandee of Spain, who unites with his title of Duke and a large fortune the best qualities of head and heart."

THE LIVERPOOL SUBSCRIBERS TO A TESTIMONIAL TO SIR ROWLAND HILL have appointed a committee to arrange upon a suitable work of art for presentation to him.

THE GREATER PART OF THE STATUES, bassi-relievi, and detached frescoes, remains of the Farnese Collection, has been purchased from the King of Naples, for the British Museum, for £4000.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN has given a flattering reception to the Envoy of the Emperor Maximilian, and expressed her desire that a good understanding should exist between Spain and Mexico.

BUSINESS has been resumed in Tunis, and the caravans have recommenced their journeys between the towns of the interior.

THE RUSSIAN STEAM-FRIGATE SADNINCH, Admiral Cyraloff, has been totally lost off the coast of Ando, three officers and twenty seamen being drowned and the rest of the crew saved with difficulty.

ANOTHER REVOLUTION has taken place in Madagascar, where the party of King Radama are again in the ascendant. Nothing is said of the King, of whose death there seems now to be no doubt.

THE REV. W. WALKER, Vicar of Bradney, has been fined £5 for assaulting one of his congregation during service.

FIVE COTTAGES WERE DESTROYED BY FIRE on Sunday last, at Farthinghoe, near Banbury. Four of the cottages were insured, but the fifth was not.

THE O'DONOGHUE has, in behalf of the National League, appealed to the French press to say whether the wrongs of Ireland do not cry for justice to the nations.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE TYNE was on Tuesday won by the well-known Chambers, after a double contest with Cooper, of the same town.

A COVEY of nine partridges were skimming across the Midland Railway, at Water Orton, on Friday, when two of the birds were struck by the express-train and killed on the spot.

THE EXECUTION OF THE MAIN-DRAINAGE WORKS at East Ham, Essex, has brought to light a Roman sarcophagus of Purbeck marble, three coffins of lead, and several pieces of pottery.

THE BRIGAND CHIEF CROCCO, who lately surrendered himself to the Pontifical authorities, has embarked at Civita Vecchia, on board a Spanish steamer and provided with a Spanish passport.

SIR MORTON PETO has, it is said, contracted with the Russian Government for the construction of a port at St. Petersburg, which will permit vessels to load and unload there, and make the capital independent of Cronstadt, except for fighting purposes.

PREACHING was resumed in the Surrey Theatre on Sunday last, when a very numerous congregation attended. Several other of the London theatres are to be opened for a like purpose on Sundays during the next few months.

A SERIOUS RIOT has taken place at Leghorn, arising out of the anniversary of Aspromonte, which a strong section of the local population was bent on commemorating. Some ringleaders have been arrested.

THE LABOURERS employed on the large block of buildings intended for model lodging-houses, now being erected in Farringdon-road, have struck for an advance of 1s. per week. The contractors have been hitherto paying £1 per week to their labourers.

THE MANNER OF ADVERTISING FOR A HUSBAND IN JAVA is by placing an empty flower-pot on the portico roof, which is as much as to say "A young lady is in the house. Husband wanted."

ADMIRAL BUCHANAN tells a story of his Lieutenant, who, looking into the open part of the Chickasaw, sang out, "Fire! you confounded Yankee; fire!" When the Yankee replied, "Ay, ay, Sir," and, pulling the lanyard, sent an 11-inch shell whizzing into the open port of the Tennessee, killing the over-vaillant Lieutenant and several others.

STEAMERS now run daily from Havre to Southampton and Littlehampton; bi-weekly to Glasgow, Liverpool, and London; and weekly to Hull.

AT A MARRIAGE in Trinity Church, Nottingham, the other day, a young man forbade the ceremony, stating that the bride had been engaged to him, and during his absence from town had accepted the addresses of another. He had to be removed by the police before the minister could proceed.

THE DIFFERENT WORKS required in the erection of the Bradford New Exchange, the first stone of which was laid on the 9th ult., by Lord Palmerston, have been let to the several artificers for the sum of £26,782, which is within the estimate of the architects, Messrs. Lockwood and Mawson, of Bradford and London.

A YOUNG LADY was seated with the family at tea, at Blackheath, when a cat pursued a mouse into the room. The mouse was lost, but, unperceived, had taken refuge in the young lady's crinoline, and did not quit its hiding-place until the wearer was in church, when it made its appearance, much to her astonishment and alarm.

MR. WILLIAM BOOTH, of Abbey-road, St. John's-wood, has patented a plan of communication along a train while travelling. His scheme is very simple, consisting merely of a narrow platform and a breast-high handrail on the side of the carriages. Whether or no it would be effectual must be left for experienced engineers in the first place, and for practical use in the second, to decide.

THE ABOLITION OF THE CONVENTS IN POLAND seems now to have been resolved upon by the Russian Government, and the rich funds of the institutions are to be devoted to the promotion of education. The convents are to be turned into seminaries and schools, and provision is to be made for the pay of teachers and for the extension and improvement of the educational institutions already existing.

THE SWIMMING-RACE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES took place on Monday, and was won by Henry Gurr, of London, after a spirited contest, the other competitors being Peter Johnson, of Manchester; David Pamphill, of London; John Regan, of London; and J. Seymour, of London, who occupied positions in the race according to the order of their names.

MR. FOX, J.P., agent to Lord Palmerston on his Sligo estates, received a threatening letter a few days since through the post, telling him he would be shot like a dog, either at the cattle-show or on the first favourable opportunity, if he did not leave Sligo at once, in consequence of his tyranny. It appears that Mr. Fox was recently under the necessity of serving notices to quit on two tenants on the property who are largely in arrear.

THE COST OF THE POLICE LAST YEAR was, in Ireland, £780,111 12s. 4d., and in England and Wales, £1,658,265.

A CURIOUS AUTOGRAPH OF TASSO was sold in Paris the other day which gives an insight into the poet's early struggles:—"I, the undersigned, acknowledge to have received from Abraham Levy twenty-five livres for which sum I have pledged a sword of my father's, six shirts, and two silver spoons." The document bears the date of March 2, 1570, at which time Tasso was twenty-six.

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE, believed to be the work of an incendiary, took place at Cattel Grange, near York, on Sunday last. Though discovered early, so rapid was the progress of the conflagration that property valued at upwards of £2000 was destroyed before it was checked—or rather before it burnt itself out, as water was so scarce that fire-engines were of no avail. The whole contents of the farmyard, including seventeen cornstacks, were consumed.

AN UNFORTUNATE *contretemps* has recently occurred at Lahedge, near Aden. Dr. Blanc and Mr. Rassam, proceeding on a mission to Abyssinia, were accompanied as far as Lahedge by a party of English officers from the Aden garrison; and, while out partridge-shooting, Captain Rawlins, of her Majesty's 95th Regiment, accidentally discharged his fowling-piece into the person either of the Sultan himself or one of his family, and but for the Sultan's interference the whole party would have been cut to pieces by his enraged followers.

A SMALL GERMAN BARON had occasion to see Baron Rothschild, of Frankfurt. The great financier was writing away for very life when Baron X—was announced. He did not even lift his eyes, but said, "Take a chair, Sir." The Baron, with true German touchiness about titles, said, "Sir, indeed! I think M. le Baron did not bear my name. I am a Baron, also—the Baron X—." "Ah! a thousand pardons," said the banker, still writing; "you are a Baron—take two chairs, then, if you will be so kind, and wait till I have finished this letter."

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

MDME. ROLAND, when she was in the cart on her way to the guillotine, exclaimed "Oh, Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!" And we shall never hear the last of this famous exclamation. But, if we think of it, shall we not find that the same may be said of religion? I believe that I could discover, without much search, half a dozen years of history in which more crime was perpetrated in the name of religion than can be laid to the charge of liberty since the world began. And I do not mean, mind you, the Pagan, but what goes under the name of the Christian, religion. And the course of crime is still running on. Those Belfast riots, for example, now happily ended, were all in the name of religion. Both parties—Protestant and Catholic—pummelled each other for the love of God. But what a strange divergence does this argue from real Christianity—that pure and peaceful religion as it came from the lips of the Divine Master! And who is answerable for this divergence? Obviously and unquestionably the clergy. Who else but they? They are the religious instructors of the people. Four-fifths of the population have no other. All their religious knowledge they have obtained from the pulpit, and if they have been mistaught the pulpit is responsible. It is not to be believed that there would be such atrocities committed in the name of religion if the pulpit were faithful to its high mission. It was the reading of a sermon by a certain Dr. Drew, a Protestant minister, preached on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, which suggested the above. This sermon I find in a paper called the *Constitution*—a better name would be "The Bellows," for the object of its promoters is clearly to use it to blow up strife between Protestants and Catholics all over Europe, and in Ireland especially. But to the sermon. I cannot give you all of it, of course; but here is the peroration:—"True Protestant brothers! True Protestant sisters! Look on all the blessings which you possess, associated with religion and freedom, &c.; vast Heaven-bestowed blessings; wrenched from Popery and Papacy, from perjury and despotism, from traitors and Satan at the waters of the Boyne. For all these mercies, be all praise for ever and ever, through our Redeemer Christ. One dead (the late Lieutenant-Colonel Blacker), lovingly remembered, thus speaketh:—

Woe work the State, woe work the day, when men shall cease in praise to join,

To celebrate with grateful hearts the glorious Battle of the Boyne."

This is foolish enough; but is it not perilous stuff to throw amongst an inflammable Irish crowd? And when we have such teachers in the pulpit, is it wonderful that we have riots in the streets? Archbishop Whateley once said that if the Divine Master were to come to earth again he would be thought very hallucinarian. The Bishop, doubtless, had his eye upon, amongst other things, our wretched sectarianisms, which lead to these most unchristian-like strifes.

How well does the conduct of Mr. Maguire, the member for Dungarvon, and, I think, the Mayor of Cork, contrast with the sermon of Dr. Drew. Mr. Maguire is a Roman Catholic, and a very earnest and sincere Roman Catholic too. Well, at Cork there is to be an inauguration or uncovering of a statue of Father Mathew. Now, Father Mathew was a Roman Catholic priest; and on such an occasion it would be but natural, as things go, if the Roman Catholics were to attend the ceremony with their party banners; but Mr. Maguire has, through the medium of his paper, the *Cork Examiner*, earnestly exhorted his brother Catholics to forego the exhibition of anything of a party character. This is like Mr. Maguire. Faithful as he is to his Church, and ever ready, at proper times, to advocate its rights and interests, he is always moderate, tolerant, and charitable to its opponents. In the House of Commons, neither the violence of Mr. Whalley nor Mr. Newdegate's solemn diatribes against Popery ever excite him to anger. He seldom replies to them; and when he does it is only to correct misrepresentations. He never returns railing for railing. Mr. Maguire is, as you will remember, the biographer of Father Mathew; and all who have read his charming book cannot but have been delighted with the Catholic spirit—using Catholic here in its right meaning—which pervades the work from beginning to end. Though not a member of the Romish Church, I believe there is more of the spirit of Christianity in Maguire than in Drew.

But are the crimes and follies done in the name of religion confined to Ireland? Alas! no. Here is a proof. Dr. Pusey, the great heresiarch, who was one of the principal writers of that formidable series of publications called "Tracts for the Times," which made such a noise some twenty years ago, and who originated a new, or revived an old and decayed, sect, and gave it his name, has lately lifted up his voice once more. The Doctor is scandalised by the judgment on the "Essays and Reviews," but still more by the fact that it was a court composed mainly of laymen that delivered the judgment. This is gall and wormwood to his soul, and he has determined to commence an agitation to obtain a change of all this; to separate the Church from the State, in a measure; or, in a word, to obtain for the Church the privilege of governing itself—meaning by the Church, of course, the clergy. And how does the Doctor propose to obtain this reform? Why, by stopping the supplies. "Build no more churches," he says, "ye peoples! consecrate no more churches, ye bishops! until the State concedes to the Church (meaning always the clergy) the right of self-government." Strange proposition this from a Christian pastor! The Doctor, no doubt, believes sincerely that religious teaching and religious worship are necessary to the religious life of the people. To get, then, what he calls the rights of the clergy, he would starve the people. To gain power for the shepherds, he would sacrifice the sheep. Well, the Doctor will not obtain his object; nor will the people lack religious teaching. Wealthy Christians will still continue to build churches, and bishops will consecrate them when they are built. But if the people and the bishops were so insane as to listen to this advice, still the Doctor's object would not be obtained. An ecclesiastical *imperium in imperio* we have tried more than once—have suffered much under it, as well as much to get rid of it; and, remembering all that we have suffered, we shall certainly never submit to ecclesiastical rule again. So spare your breath to cool your porridge, good Doctor; for, if you live for a hundred years, and keep agitating until your centenary day, you will not obtain for the clergy one atom more power than they have. Remember that division upon Mr. Dodson's bill for abolishing subscriptions, when 170 English gentlemen voted in its favour, and ponder whether the tendency of the age is to allow more or less power to the Church. Nobody but a cloister-dreamer

could have thought of such advice as that which we have had from Dr. Pusey. I note in the papers a paragraph informing us that Belfast is again to be a military station. A fine satire, this, upon the religion of the Belfast people. The State steps in to keep the members of Christian Churches from cutting each other's throats; and yet, in the face of such a fact as this, Dr. Pusey would give the Church more power—set the Church above the State!

In the present dearth of comic periodicals—or rather in the absence of fun from those so called—it is delightful to come across such a pennyworth as a pamphlet lately issued, and entitled "Spurgeon's Dream." Had this been a common catchpenny, instead of a publication by a well-known pious bookseller, it might have been secure from comment. As it is, however, I beg leave to describe the work. It is ornamented on the wrapper with a caricature of a christening (in which the officiating clergyman has a clown's face), and with a portrait of Mr. Spurgeon asleep. The likeness brings well out his dental and ventral peculiarities. The letterpress gives a dialogue between him and the Angel Gabriel. Angel G. tells Mr. Spurgeon that his sermon on Baptismal Regeneration has been read by all the angels, who, "with few exceptions," like it. It is not stated whether they purchased copies or obtained a surreptitious celestial reprint. The Angel is conversational, not to say slangy, in his dialogue; begs to "tell you what it is, Spurgeon;" and asks "what about the bird-seller," "what about the dear brother who died drunk," and so forth; just in the style of the *Paul Pry* and similar objectionable papers of twenty years ago. He also informs his interlocutor that, "Angels, Mr. Spurgeon, have their feelings!" A copy, adorned with marginal notes and illustrations by an irreverent member of my club, is now before me. To the first sentence—"Gabriel—Well, Mr. Spurgeon (you see there are no such names as Reverend used in heaven)"—is appended the commentary, "No reverends allowed up stairs. Ring the area bell." The dictum, "I tell you what it is, Spurgeon, such men must alter much before we admit them into heaven," is strangely altered by a change of punctuation, so that it reads thus: "I tell you what; it is Spurgeon—such men," &c. This is graphically illustrated by a caricature of the divine. Spurgeon tells the angel to go to Serjeants' Inn, and ask Carvel Williams something. The angel is delineated in the margin as following this advice under a shower of rain and a gingham umbrella. The work bears the signature of "Bunyan the Second," which affords happy scope for a comical foot-picture. Really, if would-be pious authors must bring out such vulgar absurdities, they cannot hope to escape the meriment of the world. And yet this precious production has, I am told, reached its fifteenth thousand!

Mr. Edwin F. Roberts, a gentleman well known as a contributor to many popular periodicals, and who also recently occupied an arduous position as a literary reviewer upon one of our most influential weekly newspapers, died, I regret to say, on Wednesday morning last. Up to within the last few hours of his life he was still labouring in his vocation, with apparently the same imagination and power which had so long characterised his writings. His age—I only speak upon an estimate founded upon kindly acquaintance—could scarcely have been above forty-five. He leaves a wife and a young family.

In Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii" there is a very good description of the heavy, lurid, silent atmosphere that hung over, rather than circulated about, the doomed city immediately before the eruption of Vesuvius. Allowing for the difference of climate, the same sort of thick malaria is now hanging over London. It is hot, and damp, and marshy. The streets steam with it unwholesomely; it blurs the sight, and makes the gaslights look like meteors. What is it? Why are our scientific men silent? Whence the cause of this feculent condition of the air? Is it the comet? What says Admiral Fitzroy, and why have we no utterance from Dr. Cumming?

Another sign of the season! Usually the gipsy-king dies in September or October, if you notice. This year, the gipsy-queen has gone off the hooks, so a paragraph informs me. I suppose the turn of his majesty is yet to come.

Mr. George Sala is not dead, being, at this present writing, in America; or, if you choose to punctuate the sentence differently, being, at this present, writing in America. At the beginning of the week it was reported that he had returned to England; but the *Daily Telegraph* has published a contradiction—"Our Special Commissioner" is still at his post.

An amiable, well-meaning dupe of one of the silliest efforts at world-bettering died last week in Paris, and was followed to his grave by a host of notabilities. M. Enfantin was one of the victims of the Socialist mania that, about thirty years ago, afflicted many otherwise intelligent men—that is, one of the rich victims of the few who really believed in reorganisation, and who spent his money in endeavouring to establish a new state of society. "Those who part with money never feign," and Enfantin, like Robert Owen, was thoroughly in earnest. Socialism, Atheism, Chartism, and several other things ending in *ism* have lately come to considerable grief, or rather they have "dropped out" and decayed. The lads of eighteen are men now; they have cut their wisdom teeth; a good deal of reading and writing is about; books and newspapers are cheap; and railways have brought people together. "Hereditary bondsmen," &c., no longer provokes a cheer. The repeal of the paper duty has silenced the mob-orator, and the occupation of the Anti-Everythinging is gone. The death of Barthelemy Prosper Enfantin (some of the daily papers love to give a celebrity all his names; how they will enjoy a Royal Spanish marriage!) sunders the last of the connecting links between the modern past and the modern present.

I see that the "Flaneur" in the *Morning Star* announces that the story of "Margaret Denzil's History," which has been for some time past running through the *Cornhill Magazine*, and which will shortly be reprinted and published in a separate form, is by Mr. Charles Allston Collins. I have excellent reasons for knowing that in this conjecture the "Flaneur" is mistaken, the story in question—about the authorship of which many guesses have been made, some of them wild enough—being from the pen of a gentleman whose name is already well and favourably known in literature. A short time, I believe, will set at rest the question as to the paternity of "Margaret Denzil's History;" and certainly the name that will appear on the titlepage of the work in its separate form will not be that of Mr. Allston Collins, nor of any other author to whom the story has been publicly attributed.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Fraser is this month distinguished by poetry a good deal better than usual; but, above all, by a model article upon the Kingsley and Newman question, and upon the greater question to which Mr. Newman's book is an index. I assure the reader that the article is excellent, re-stating, as it does, the rationale of religious inquiry in almost exhaustive terms. It would be well worth the while of any "unsettled" person to buy the number and bind up separately that one article. A word of praise to the little poem called "The Poor Painter's Epitaph," and to Miss Cobbe's paper on our Poor Laws, and I will pass on to other magazines.

Macmillan, is, to my thinking, rather heavy. It must, however, be noticed if only for the sake of referring to Mr. Henry Kingsley's curious foot-note to his serial novel. He wishes to explain to the public that the "apparently sensational" ending of the previous instalment was not a matter of design upon his part, but arose from an accidental division of the manuscript. If this is not prudery, what is it? The next step will be for some novelist to apologise for the very existence of a plot as something "sensational."

London Society is better than usual. "The Ordeal for Wives" is really good. So is "Miss Middlesex on the Moors;" so is "My Cadet Life at Woolwich;" so is the paper on "Archery." In the woodcut to the poem "On the Cliffs by the Sea," the scenery is capital, but the live-stock is inane. The poem is three times as long as it ought to be. The refrain is good, and well adapted for a poem of three or four verses, which shall be simple in idea and simple in structure and rhythm. It would cost great labour to produce those three verses; but the author ought to feel it worth his while.

The *British Army and Navy Review* has, among other matters, a remarkable article by Mr. James Grant, about the Scotch soldier who became Aga of Mamelukes and Governor of Medina. There is in this magazine another paper of general interest—namely, one on the present constitution of the Admiralty.

In *Good Words*, poor Sara Davenal is in fresh trouble. We are threatened with a situation turning on the existence of two contemporaneous wives to the same man. The Organ-grinders come in for a kind word; and the writer of the paper wants to know what the Legislature would say if it were petitioned to give every man who professed to be annoyed by tobacco the right to give in charge those who use it? It is a pertinent question enough. By all means let us who don't smoke, and who believe that tobacco is poison, agitate for an anti-tobacco law. Now is the time of year when you can get hard-up journalists to write leading articles about almost anything, say the propriety of legislating to prevent the Eating of Underdone Meat. We have already had this past session a Contagious Diseases Prevention Bill, a Poisoned Grain Abolition Bill, and an Organ-grinding Prohibition Bill. Keep the ball rolling, Sirs! Try it on! Next year we'll have a Loud Laughter in Thoroughfares Prohibition Bill, and a Sick Headache Mitigation Bill, and great will be the triumph of that beadle of Burlington Arcade who once took up a man for "looking lewd" but couldn't get the magistrate to affirm his principle of action. *Good Words* has a drawing, by Arthur Hughes, in which the general conception is very good, but the faces of the women are preposterous.

There ought to be a large and receptive public for Mr. Beeton's two magazines for boys, which—both the sixpenny and the two-penny—are marvels of meritorious cheapness. We warmly recommend them as capital literature for the young—boys and girls—literature which steers clear of the faults and follies of all "schools" of writing, and keeps a sound, hearty, healthy, medium course between extremes of different kinds. In the cheaper of the two magazines there is a writer calling himself "The Odd Boy" who has a really original vein of humour, which makes him as pleasant to big boys as little ones. I have never failed to find him readable, never failed to get a laugh out of him.

By-the-way, what is your criterion of an agreeable writer? Mine is, that he makes you feel inclined to read him out loud to somebody else.

The *Sixpenny* is worth all the money; but I shall be glad to see the "Barry O'Byrne" of Miss Thomas reproduced in another shape.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The playbills—almost the only original dramatic literature we modern Britons can boast of—give note of preparation for the winter season. DRURY LANE opens on the 24th. Mr. Phelps, Mr. Henry Marston, Mr. Creswick, and Mr. Walter Lacy head the list of the company. The great news is that Miss Helen Faucit is to reappear in October in "Cymbeline" and "Macbeth." Sophocles' "Antigone" is to be revived; and a new piece is to be produced, an original play—"Think of that, Master Brook!"—from the pen of Mr. Theodore Martin. All these revivals and productions are to be brought out with the same strict attention to general effect and detail as the "Manfred" and "Henry IV." of last season.

The NEW ROYALTY opened on Monday with Planché's comedietta of "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," a new farce by Mr. Williams called "My Dress Boots," and Mr. Frank Burnand's classical extravaganza of "Ixion," which, in consideration of the long and signal services it rendered to the treasury of the theatre last season, will, I presume, for a long time be retained on the playbills of this establishment. Mrs. Selby has retired from the cares of management, and the Misses Pelham rule with undivided sway. Mr. Shore made his first appearance at this theatre as Ruy Gomez, as also did Miss Fanny Clifford and Mrs. Simpson in the comedietta. "My Dress Boots" is a very improbable and very funny little affair, in which complications arise as to the proprietorship of one patent-leather boot found by an anxious father and jealous husband, whose wife invokes the aid of art in the transformation of the hue of a fine head of hair which nature has pronounced a distinct auburn. But the great event of the evening was "Ixion," which introduced one or two new faces. At the Royalty, as elsewhere, old faces are always warmly welcomed, provided they are pretty, and new faces receive an ovation when they are the reverse of plain. The mythological dramatis personæ sang their songs and danced their dances with the usual number of encores—that is, every song and every dance was redemanded. In the third scene the "Comet" made his appearance, and a very capital parody—by Mr. Burnand, of course—was sung by the characters. The Comet is a very great effect, and I will not spoil the pleasure that many of my readers will experience on making its, his, or her (of what sex is a comet?) acquaintance by attempting to describe it. I must not forget to mention that the Royalty has been re-embellished and altered, and that the house was full. Pretty faces and graceful forms always retain a magnetic influence and will "draw" London, even when it is supposed to be at the seaside and on the Continent.

The SURREY reopened on Saturday last. Three rows of stalls have been "sliced" off from the pit, the lower tier of boxes have been reconstructed, and the house generally redecorated. The pieces performed were "Civilisation," a play written by Mr. John Wilkins, a young dramatist who died too early for his reputation; Mr. Byron's burlesque of "Fra Diavolo," and Lover's farce of "The Happy Man," in which, years ago, poor Power used to delight the audiences of the Haymarket.

The HAYMARKET is to reopen on the 19th inst., as also is the STRAND.

Mr. Harrison is said to be in treaty for HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. At the OLYMPIC, the last nights of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" are announced. It is almost too much to hope that this very effective and excellently-acted drama will ever be withdrawn; but I am sanguine that this time its nights are really numbered, for the theatre is to close shortly—to be opened with bran-new everything, management included. Miss Kate Terry has transferred her services from the Lyceum to the Yvich-street theatre.

Mr. Fechter opens the LYCEUM in October with a new piece founded on the French drama of "Fanfan la Tulipe." In the case of a war between England and France and a strict blockade, what would become of our dramatists and of our managers? I believe that the dramatic authors of Paris already look upon them with the same feeling that the soldiers of the Confederate States regard the "coloured" troops of the Northerners.

At Aix-la-Chapelle Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan have been giving readings, at which the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale and the Prince de Condé and other of the great ones of this world "assisted."

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Within the last few days enormous posters, of as many hues as the rainbow and a few more, representing a portly gentleman, got up in evening dress of gorgeous pattern, astonishing crowned heads, a sort of Hamlet in the play-scene, in modern costume, have bloomed upon every hoarding, house-side, and "coign of vantage" in London. Men cabalistically attired, looking like the ancient Magi after a long residence in Camberwell, and bearing on their heads a terrestrial globe encircled by a zodiac of golden letters, have stalked the pavements, frightening the British boy from that gutter it is his delight to paddle in. These enormous posters and these plebeian Magi announce the important fact that Professor Anderson, the Wizard of the North, has for the time being quitted the gilded palaces of Monarchs,—has ceased to astonish civilised Kings, astute Kaisers, and far-sighted diplomatists,—has given up the delights of the social circle of his Superior Magnificence the King of Dahomey, where the raised eyebrows of the dusky Court are uplifted as with the expression "Golly!"—and is now exhibiting at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.

The Professor was welcomed on Monday night, on his return from distant lands, by an audience packed after the fashion of sardines—in the stereotyped phrase, "hundreds were unable to obtain admission." With difficulty I obtained a standing-place a long, long way from the Psychomanteum, as the raised stage on which the wizard wizardises is called. Indeed, I was so far away

that I seemed to be witnessing a performance in an adjacent county. Distance does not lend enchantment to the wizard. Rabbits, hats, watches, five-pound notes—all alas! far distant—umbrellas, bird-cages, half-crowns, and handkerchiefs were manipulated with a dexterity that dazzled me; "the modern Mnemosyne and retro-reminiscent orthographist" (I shall be happy to make the acquaintance of any little boy fresh from school or of any grown-up linguist who can pronounce this last bit of philology, which may be said to contain magic in every letter). Miss Anderson, went through a wonderful clairvoyante sort of performance; and another Miss Anderson sang "The Macgregors' gathering" with great dramatic force and spirit; but really the Professor is such a wonderful man that, if any one of his family sang a whole opera, accompanying himself or herself on any known stringed and wind instrument, it would not surprise me.

Altogether the performance is a good shilling's worth; and, even if Mr. Anderson is not the greatest professor of the art of leger-demain ever seen north, south, east, or west, he is certainly one of the most liberal caterers and the most spirited advertiser ever heard of in any postal district of this or any other metropolis.

THE HOSPITAL CONVENTION.

THE International Congress which has been sitting at Geneva with a view to regulate the position of hospitals and wounded in time of war has terminated its labours, and the following ten resolutions, which vary considerably from the draught originally proposed, have been adopted and signed, under reserve of ratification, by the representatives of Belgium, Baden, Denmark, Spain, France, Hesse, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Prussia, Switzerland, and Württemberg:—

Art. 1. Ambulances and military hospitals are regarded as neutral, and as such protected and respected by the belligerents (so long as they contain sick or wounded). The neutrality would cease should such hospitals have a military guard.

Art. 2. All employés of the hospital, including the almoners, carriers of the wounded, &c., will enjoy the benefits of this neutrality as long as there are wounded to be attended to.

Art. 3. The persons designated in the above article may, even after occupation by the enemy, continue to perform their duties in the hospital or ambulance to which they may be attached, or withdraw to join the division to which they may belong.

Under these circumstances, when their functions shall have ceased, they will be escorted to the enemy's outposts by the army in occupation.

Art. 4. As the materiel of military hospitals comes under martial law, the persons attached to those hospitals may not, on leaving, take away with them anything except what is their own personal property.

Under the same circumstances, however, an ambulance preserves its materiel.

Art. 5. Inhabitants of the country who give help to the wounded are respected and remain free. The generals of the belligerent Powers are called upon to forewarn the inhabitants of the call made upon their humanity, and of the neutrality consequent thereupon.

Any wounded man taken into a house will be its safeguard. Any inhabitant who has taken in the wounded will not be billeted upon or submitted to war contributions.

Art. 6. The wounded or sick are taken care of, no matter to what nation they belong.

Those will be sent back to their homes who, after being cured, are deemed incapable of further service.

The others may also be sent home, but on the conditions of not resuming arms during the war.

The escorts on this service are to be respected as neutrals.

The Commanders-in-Chief have the power to hand over to the enemy's outposts the wounded during the combat when circumstances permit it, and with the consent of both parties.

Art. 7. A distinct flag and uniform are adopted for the hospitals, ambulances, and escorts. On all occasions the national flag must accompany it.

A badge may also be allowed to denote a neutral, to be granted only by the military authorities.

The flag and badge will bear a red cross on a white ground.

Art. 8. The general details of these regulations will be settled by the commanding officers of the belligerent Powers, according to the instructions from their Governments.

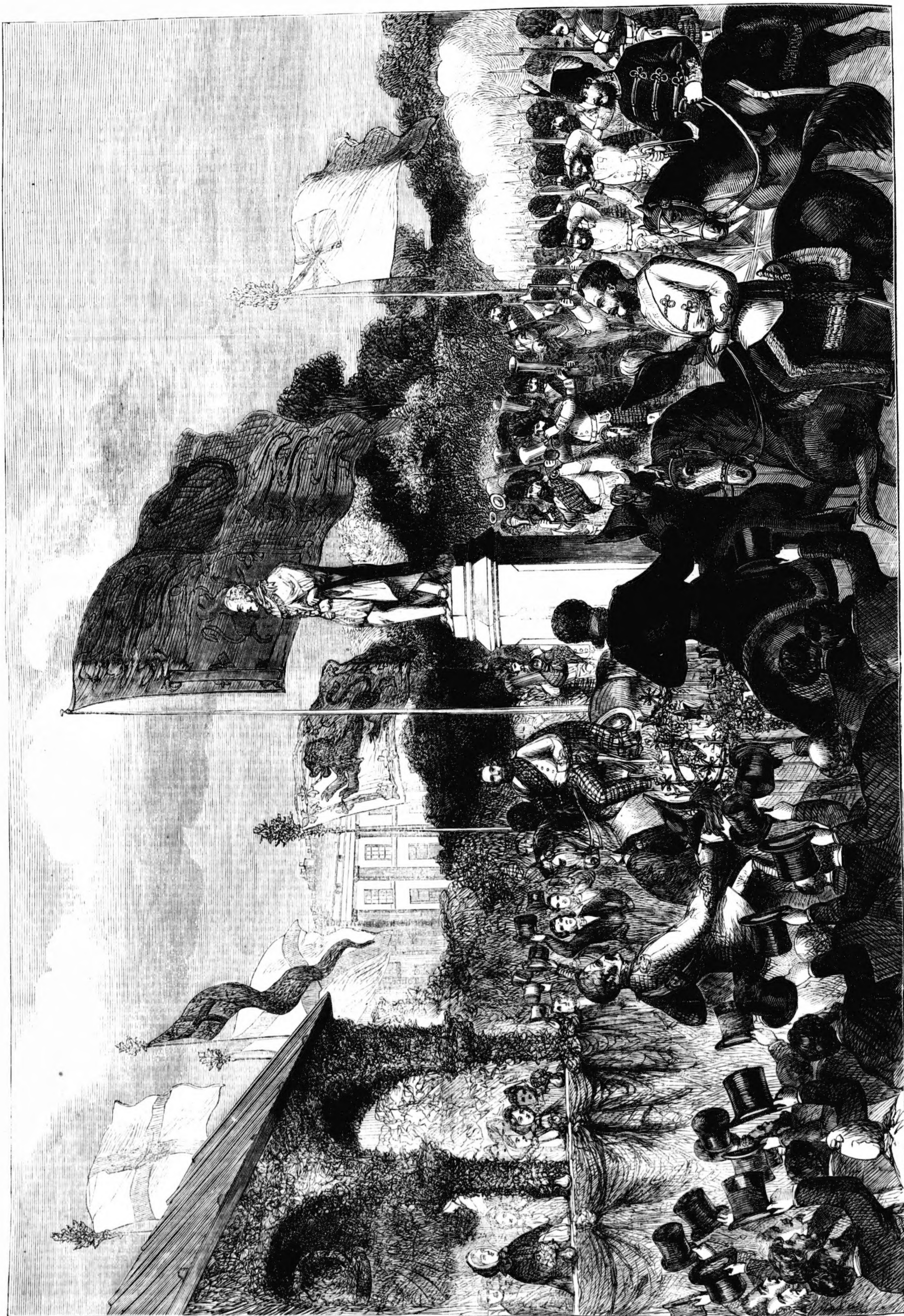
Article 9 calls the attention of other Governments to this convention, inviting them to join it. Article 10 states that the ratification of the convention is to take place at Berne within four months, or earlier if possible.

TEA BRANDS AND THEIR MEANING.—The following will interest housekeepers:—"Hyson" means "before the rains," or "flourishing spring," that is, early in the spring—hence it is often called "Young Hyson." "Hyson skin" is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term of which is "tea skins." Refuse of still coarser description, containing many stems, is called "tea bones." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. "Pekoe" or "Poco" means "white hair," the down of tender leaves. "Pouchong," "folded plant," "Souchong," "small plant." "Twankay" is the name of a small river in the region where it is bought. "Congo," from a term signifying "labour," from the care required in its preparation.

PROPOSAL FOR A SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT.—Another attempt is being made to raise a monument to the memory of Shakespeare, the suggestion this time springing not from West-end and literary circles, but from Clerkenwell, in which district the central committee room is situate. The committee consists of working men whose names are unknown to fame, and there is an honorary council comprising Mr. Macready, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Marston, Mr. Creswick, Mr. G. Cruikshank, Mr. Grunwell, and others. The committee, on a paper they have issued, state that it has been ascertained that an appropriate work of art can be obtained for the sum of £1200, and an ornamental shrine of iron and glass to inclose it for about £1200 more—in all £2400. It is proposed to raise the amount by penny subscriptions, and if a sufficient sum can be procured the foundation-stone of the statue will be laid on Primrose-hill on the 23rd of April next.

A CURIOUS CONSPIRACY.—The Madrid journals give an account of the trial of several persons for a conspiracy to murder, which has been under investigation for more than a year. On the 23rd of June last year a police-inspector, named Pedro Plaza, presented a report to his superiors stating that he had received a visit from an ex-commissary of police, who offered him 12,000 piastres if he would take part in an affair which required the assistance of an official person. The matter was simply to murder a man named Cabello, who was very rich and had no near relatives. It was proposed that one of the accomplices should knock Cabello down in the street, so as to stun him; and that the others, under pretence of helping the injured man, should carry him home, where two accomplices—one a notary, the other a physician—were to make him sign a will, already prepared, and then kill him with a strong dose of chloroform. The police-inspector accepted the offer, but at the same time took measures for arresting the parties concerned. He was, accordingly, privy to all the arrangements made, and, on the evening fixed for perpetrating the crime all the accomplices were at their post; but it happened that, before their intended victim came, the doctor took alarm on seeing two police officials whom he knew lurking in the neighbourhood. He accordingly withdrew, under pretence of visiting a patient. The conspiracy consequently failed, but the police-inspector had all the ten conspirators arrested and committed for trial. All were found guilty. The ringleaders, a barrister named Harroia, Garcia, a notary, and José Pasara, a landowner, were condemned to ten years' hard labour, two others to five years of the same punishment, and the remaining five each to one month's imprisonment.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS AND THEIR CAUSES.—In the year 1861 seventy-nine passengers were killed and 789 injured by railway accidents in the United Kingdom; in the year 1862, on an increased number of lines, thirty-five passengers were killed and 536 injured; and in the year 1863, on a still increasing length of line, thirty-five passengers were killed and 401 injured. The number of passengers in 1863 was 204,635,075, without including 64,391 season and periodical ticket-holders. Estimating even that these last travelled on an average only 100 times each, the number of passengers killed in 1863 was less than one in 6,000,000, and of passengers injured less than one in 500,000. Of every five passengers killed three lost their lives through their own misconduct or want of caution, so that the number of passengers killed from causes beyond their own control was less than one passenger in 15,000,000. Of the passengers killed last year twelve met their death by getting out or attempting to get into trains when in motion, five by incautiously crossing or standing on the line at a station, one by leaning out of the carriage window on approaching a bridge (since widened), one by getting out of the wrong side of a carriage, one (in Ireland) by getting on the roof of a carriage and walking along the train. Of the thirteen passengers killed in 1863 from accidents to trains, three lost their lives through collisions between trains, and ten from the trains getting off the line, seven of the ten in the accident on the Hunstanton line caused by a heifer being on the rails. Of the whole number of accidents to passenger-trains in the United Kingdom reported to the Board of Trade in 1863—fifty-two in all, exactly one a week, and precisely the same number as were reported to the Board in 1862—thirty-two were caused by collisions with other trains, ten by the trains getting off the rails, six by their running off the proper line through the points being wrong, and only four from anything breaking or getting out of order. A large proportion of these accidents might have been prevented by careful management.



INAUGURATION OF THE PRINCE CONSORT MEMORIAL AT PERTH. IN PRESENCE OF HER MAJESTY.

S K E T C H E S A T E M S



THE FIRST DRAUGHT OF THE WATER.



RUSSIAN FAMILY.



MY VIS-A-VIS: SCOTTISH AND FRENCH MORNING DRESS.



PEOPLE WHO CAN AFFORD IT.



FRANCISCAN NUNS.



RUSSIAN NURSES.



A DECIDED PREFERENCE FOR BEER OVER WATER.



RUSSIAN CLERGY: MONK AND ARCHIMANDRITE.



"OH! SHOULDN'T I LIKE TO BE A DONKEY."



A FLYING VISITOR FROM BADEN.



RATHER TOO FULL.



THE FOUR FLOWER-GIRLS OF EMS.

INAUGURATION OF THE PRINCE CONSORT'S STATUE AT PERTH.

To the "fair city," as Perth is traditionally styled, the Queen and Prince Consort had for many years been annual visitors on their way to their Highland abode, and it was natural that the inhabitants should wish to possess a local memorial of one whose occasional presence among them quickened the love and esteem which they shared for him with the whole nation.

The funds which the little city could bestow for the purpose were limited in amount, but the subscribers were fortunate enough to secure the aid of a sculptor (Mr. Brodie, of Edinburgh) whose previous efforts were a guarantee that the monument they proposed to raise would not be unworthy of the object. The figure is 9 ft. in height, and is carved out of a single and singularly pure and fine block of freestone, from Redhall Quarry. The robe is that worn by the Prince when attired as a Knight of the Ancient Order of the Thistle; the dress is the doublet and trunk hose of the old Scottish Court; and the figure bears not only the insignia of the Scottish but also of the great English order of knighthood, the Garter being worn below the left knee. The collar and star of the Thistle show very effectively on the richly-embroidered doublet, and the mantle falls gracefully in rear of the figure. The right hand, which rests on a square-shaped column or pedestal, holds an open scroll, on which is traced an elevation of the Great Exhibition building, thus identifying the Prince with that first and best and most original of industrial expositions. His left hand rests easily on the belt of his dress. The legs are both kept well clear of the robe, which falls behind them from the shoulders, and the whole attitude is of that happy character in sculpture which suggests a transition stage between activity and repose. The head is finely modelled; slightly raised and turned towards the right, the expression at once animated and subdued; and, in point of portraiture, both face and figure are admirable. It may be mentioned that Mr. Brodie has had the advantage in the course of his modelling of many valuable suggestions from his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, who took much interest in the work, and, during his residence in Edinburgh, repeatedly visited the studio to mark its progress.

The site chosen for the statue is on the North Inch of Perth, in the corner nearest to the Bridge of Tay. The figure is set upon a pedestal 13 ft. high, making the whole height 22 ft. The pedestal is octagonal, approached by four octagonal graduated steps, and is surrounded by a circular railing of bronzed malleable iron of a star-cross and floral pattern. The railings, on the day of the inauguration, were beautifully festooned with a series of wreaths and with mottoes. Over the whole was the Prince's motto, "Treu und fest," and underneath were three chapters—namely, first, the cypress, emblematic of grief, with the words, "Multis ille flebilis occidit;" second, the immortelle, symbol of immortality, with the scroll, "Non omnis moriar;" and, third, the olive, significant of peace, with the motto, "Wisdom is better than weapons of war." The preparations for the ceremony of uncovering the statue, which took place in presence of her Majesty, on Tuesday, the 30th ult., were most satisfactory. The whole ground in the vicinity of the statue was closed in and kept quite clear. The pavilion for her Majesty was a most tasteful erection: the front presented four shafts, with floral capitals and three arches, the central one being appropriated for the Queen. The pavilion was hung with crimson cloth and festooned with evergreens and flowers, with crimson hangings, to be let down in case of rain.

The whole route from the railway station to the site was thronged. The railway trains and conveyances from the country poured in crowds of visitors, and the townspeople gathered en masse to witness the spectacle. By eight o'clock every foot of ground around the statue was occupied, and the crowd stretched far across the open sward of the North Inch. Fortunately, the morning was sunny and beautiful. The train bringing the Queen, the younger members of the Royal family, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, and suite, arrived at Perth from Windsor at twenty minutes to nine. At twenty minutes before ten the Royal party, accompanied by the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaid, M.P. for the city, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the members of the Convener's Court, and the members of the Memorial Committee, proceeded in state to the site of the statue. The procession was escorted by a squadron of cavalry (two troops of the 15th Hussars) and the streets were lined with detachments of Highlanders and other regiments brought for the occasion from various garrisons in Scotland. Several companies of Perthshire volunteers were also on the ground. On arriving at the site, the municipal bodies, the memorial committee, and the high constables took up their places within the barrier, along with the guard of honour of the 92nd Highlanders and band of that regiment. A large company were accommodated within the Royal pavilion.

The ceremony was brief but impressive. On the Queen's arrival the band of the 92nd played one stanza of the National Anthem, but without the sound of drums. The Rev. Mr. Burdon engaged in prayer, the Lord Provost of Perth presented a loyal and dutiful address to her Majesty, and then the statue was uncovered, the guard of honour presented arms, the band of the 92nd played the National Anthem, the pipes of the Highland regiments sounded a pibroch, and a battery of artillery placed at the top of the Inch fired a Royal salute. Having silently regarded the figure a few minutes, the Queen turned round, and, commanding the Lord Provost of the city to kneel, conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, and to him, now Sir David Ross, her Majesty expressed her satisfaction with the statue and with the proceedings of the day.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the brother of the deceased Prince, then presented the sculptor, Mr. Brodie, to the Queen, who repeated to him the expressions of her appreciation of the statue, both as a work of art and as a faithful resemblance of the lamented Prince. The Royal party then, attended by the Lord Provost and magistrates, returned to the general station, and departed en route for Balmoral.

It may be mentioned that the site chosen for the Royal Pavilion on the occasion is the spot on which King Robert III. of Scotland is said to have viewed the sanguinary battle between Clan Chattan and Clan Kaye, commemorated in the "Fair Maid of Perth."

THE SEASON AT EMS.

THERE is some lamentation among German hotel-keepers and the servants of Rhenish inns that the usual company of English tourists has fallen short during the present season; and everywhere on the Continent, except in Paris and the French watering-places, our countrymen and countrywomen are seen in less force since they have learned to what insults they are likely to be exposed by Prussian officials, and to what inconveniences they may possibly be subject. During the whole holiday-time there has been an improved disposition amongst our tourists to see something of their own country, and it may well be hoped that English innkeepers have made use of the opportunity to show that the old days of extortion and discomfort have passed away. Amidst all the changes that have occurred at other places of resort, however, there is little difference to be noticed at the great spas, where the mineral springs are but the excuse for the pleasant "hells" where the gay company come and go to swell the revenue of the Royal or Ducal proprietors of the gaming-tables. At Baden the season is at its wildest height of fashion and frenzy (not that any frenzied manner betrays the most ardent votary of its most dangerous pleasures); on the surface everything is smooth enough, and picnics, romantic journeys, rural drives, *petits soupers*, and the exquisite music of one or other of the splendid bands heard in the moonlight from the balcony of the great gaming-house looking on the garden, form the delightful amusements of the visitors, in every costume and of every nationality, who make up the grand promenade of pleasure-seekers.

Of a more quiet sort still is the daily and nightly life of that pride of the Duchy of Nassau, the town of Ems, which, modestly seeming to retire from the world amidst the mountains on the bank of the Lahn, or rather on the narrow strip of land which lies near the cliffs of the Baderlei, is yet one of the gayest, most brilliant,

and, in a sense, wickedest, little retreats in Europe. Now that the new bridge has been completed across the river, so that the charming view of the distant hills may be seen from a most favourable point, the place has added another beauty to its other attractions; but, in addition to this, the Kursaal, always a magnificent building, has been extended, and a fine balcony now overlooks one of the most exquisite gardens on the Continent—a garden containing such varieties of tropical and other plants that an idle visitor may lounge here in the soft, balmy air and believe himself to be in any country of his particular choice. Equal improvements have been made in the apartments where the red and the black lure their votaries away from any contemplation of nature, except a very questionable side of human nature, or of any other art than that of the *croupier* or the man "who has a system." But, apart from the gaming-tables, there is no end of amusement at Ems for the thoughtful and observant visitor, while the very costumes and distinct nationalities of the people he meets are as good as a play—nay, better than the old square-toed German plays which are still the fashion at these watering-places. Not the least amusing episode of the day commences in the morning, when the lounge may sit and watch the new arrivals come for their first glass or two of the healing beverage. It is wonderful to watch the impassive attendants (gorgeous and impressive lacqueys are they); still more amusing to observe the solemn shudder with which the fair visitors, in elaborate toilets, raise the doubtful draught to their coral lips, and make a dozen attempts at the half pint which an old water drinker would dispose of at a gulp. The Russians are in great force here, and their families appear in the promenade in the most wonderful costumes; elderly ladies in shawls, worn in the fashion of our Irish population, but often of almost fabulous value; young ladies with fur-edged jackets made like a man's morning coat, and their square, rather stern-looking, faces surmounted with a round cap of brilliant sable; the men folk with wonderful hats and beards that have never known the razor; and, above all, nurses with operative bodices and head-dresses, or caps, of the most astounding character. Ems is a place where the Russians congregate, and it is not, therefore, surprising to meet with their clergy rusticated on remote benches—a bare-headed monk with flowing hair and beard, plain gaberdine, and crosses of various orders on his breast; or a solemn archimandrite, beardless, but with long locks, surmounted by that peculiar cap which looks like an attempt to unite a mitre with a hussar's shako. Of other visitors representing the Church the nuns are the most remarkable, especially the Franciscans, with their black robes bearing a large cross upon the breast and their cumbersome white head-dresses. There is no attraction for these severe women in the gaiety amidst which they move on their mission of charity or of church business, like the warning monitors at the old Egyptian feasts. Probably they produce less effect than they imagine, though they really do succeed in shocking some of the respectable orthodox Low Church English families who come here for the first time. To see, as it were, the very representatives of the "Scarlet Woman" stalk past in that ghostly manner, and even unintentionally flout British competency and enlightenment out for an airing, is not only lamentable but intolerable. Well, to tell the truth, orthodox British respectability expects to have a little too much of its own way; and, perhaps without meaning it, exhibits rather too obvious a contempt for foreigners, whose high places and pleasant borders it visits in the truly British belief that "to go with plenty of money in your pocket, Sir," gives a right to criticise, and will enable it to purchase the privilege of being insulting. Affording a very humble contrast to these wealthy tourists are those very humble natives who come over in the season to drink the waters; old ladies with marvellous caps and great umbrellas to shade them from the sun, who are often joined in their quiet resting-places under the trees by domestic servants out for a holiday, with a bundle and a stone bottle—the bottle containing a large dose of the mineral beverage; the bundle, a mighty hunch of bread and perhaps a sausage; for they hold fast to the adage which unites good drinking with good eating. Amongst the fair visitors, too, must not be forgotten those capricious beauties who come over from Baden on a flying visit, appear for a day in a ravishing toilette and in company with a pet poodle, who accompanies them in all their walks, and then go back again, leaving only the impression of a vision behind them. I wish I could convey any distinct notion of the favourite toilet here. Each in turn seems to challenge feminine admiration; but, for general effect as a morning dress, I am myself divided between those of two young ladies who, being exactly opposite, are, I have no doubt, unconscious of my admiring glances; I only wish that the sketch may convey half their beauty and ever so faint an indication of the morning toilets in which they have lately appeared. I am mistaken if I have not seen one of them before, bearing herself gracefully even above the broken, jogging trot of the diminutive donkey common to German watering-places; the other I think I recognise as the occupant of a chair in the evening garden, where her ample robes defied competition and challenged universal admiration. No wonder that she was an object of intense interest even to the four flower-girls of Ems, whose accompanying portraits, as they stood to regard her, are taken from an authentic photograph.

VERABOGAVASANTARAYAN.—Under this formidable name a new Avatar is, we are informed by the *Madras Times*, about to make his appearance in the southern part of the Indian peninsula, to crush the English and to restore the Hindoo rule. In the year 1866 the gentleman of the above long name will be "Emperor of all the Indies," and has a very pretty rod in pickle for the English. In fact, he is simply going to annihilate them, and to give their carcasses to the dogs and to the fowls of the air. But two short years are given them, either to leave the country peaceably or be destroyed.

THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—The accounts of the committee of the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon are now made up, and they show the unpleasant result of a deficiency of over £3000. It appears from their accounts that the total subscriptions were £2298 18s. 7d. The balance, after payment of preliminary expenses, management, &c., £1834 18s. 7d., left towards the festival was £312 5s. 5d.; and the total receipts (including that amount) for tickets of admission, &c., amounted to £5653 2s. 3d. The sale of materials, &c., only realised £375 15s. 10d. The contract for the pavilion was £1300, and there was £2052 19s. 11d. for extras. The dramatic and musical performances and scenery cost nearly £2000; fireworks, £56 19s.; balloon, £30; bands of music, £65 19s.; police, £152; refreshments for performers, £747 6s. 5d.; the total payments being £8664 18s. 7d., leaving a deficiency of £3308 8s. 3d.

HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS SCORPION AND ROYAL SOVEREIGN.—The Scorpion, ram and turret-ship, built by Messrs. Laird, of Birkenhead, had a most satisfactory trial in the early part of last week. We believe her success has given great satisfaction to the Admiralty and to naval men in general. The success of the Royal Sovereign, a wooden vessel cut down, and plated, and turreted on Captain Cole's principle, off Portland, last week, was also marked. A comparison of the capabilities of each vessel may therefore be interesting:—The Scorpion can bring to bear a broadside of 1200 lb., and draws only 15 ft.; the Royal Sovereign can discharge a broadside of 1500 lb., but draws 24 ft. The Royal Sovereign made eight knots an hour, the Scorpion nearly eleven knots. The Belierophon, of 4000 tons, of which much is expected, will only throw a broadside of 1600 lb., supposing the 300-pounders can be worked as broadside guns, which is exceedingly doubtful. The Scorpion and Myvern are the only two vessels on the turret principle yet completed with masts and rigging sufficient for them to be called regular sea-going ships. *—Liverpool Advertiser.*

ANARCHY IN KENTUCKY.—In Kentucky the greatest anarchy prevails. West of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad the guerrillas control the State. Except along the Ohio and Mississippi, where there are garrisoned towns, Federal troops do not venture abroad. Ten miles out of Louisville a man in Federal uniform is shot down. The outrages inflicted on the people, by running off their slaves, have made every man an enemy of the Lincoln Government. There is now scarcely a Union man in all Kentucky. The houses are deserted; the crops are not gathered; the men are in guerrilla bands taking vengeance on their oppressors. They lurk in the woods, and whenever an opportunity offers kill the Federal soldiers. Kentucky is in a terrible condition. There is no law, no safety. The soldiers steal and oppress, and violate every right of the citizen. What can the citizen do but take up arms and slay the soldier wherever he can be found? All this has been done in the last three months. Abolition emissaries were sent into the State to seize the negroes and force them into the armies, and now every man who is left, black or white, is a mortal enemy of the Government. Missouri and Kansas are in even a worse state than this. *—Letter from Philadelphia.*

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE CHATEAU OF MONTSABREY.

CHAPTER I.

FREDERIC LAMBERT, an artist of some reputation and more talent, travelling on foot for pleasure and for profit through the most picturesque provinces of France, arrived one afternoon at the little village of St. Maurice, in La Marche. In the market-place, opposite the church, stood a house with open doors. Above the entrance, swinging to and fro in the evening breeze, was suspended a square of sheet iron, adorned with a representation, in yellow paint, of a winged biped that might have puzzled all the ornithologists in Europe but for the words "Golden Eagle," which the artist had been kind enough to write beneath his performance.

The sight of this tavern-sign delighted Frederic far more than one of Raphael's pictures could have done at that moment, for he had walked far and eaten little since the morning. He had no sooner entered than, thanks to his youth, his handsome face, and his agreeable bearing, the hostess and her two daughters vied with one another in their endeavours to serve him. One of the girls took his hat, the other his knapsack, while the mother began plucking a fowl, and gave rapid directions to the servant concerning the soup. In a few minutes the cloth was laid, and when the dinner was quite ready it did the hostess's heart good to see with what an excellent appetite the young traveller sat down to table. There was, of course, a good deal of speculation as to who and what he was. It was evident that the young man was no ordinary tramp. A pedlar might have been as well dressed, as far as the mere quality of the clothes was concerned, but he would have worn them differently; nor would he have had those white delicate hands, nor that general air of refinement which distinguished the new arrival from all previous wayfarers who had stopped at the Golden Eagle. If the landlady and her pretty daughters had been told that their guest was an artist they would scarcely have been any wiser than they were already. In the meanwhile, they were quite convinced of one thing—that he was a very agreeable person, and decidedly good-looking.

Frederic went to bed in a room at the back of the house, slept well, and the next morning was awakened by that earliest and most agreeable of visitors, the sun, which filled his chamber with its rays. He jumped out of bed and opened the window. At his feet ran the river Creuse, unwinding itself like a silver ribbon across the green fields. On the other side were cottages with turf roofs, through which the smoke rose in spirals towards the blue sky. At the horizon, on the summit of a hill, stood a Gothic manor house, its towers just visible through the rusty foliage of the oaks which surrounded it. The church bell was ringing for the early prayer; the thrushes, with their loud, clear notes, were welcoming the day; the mill was turning merrily beneath the willows. This was more than sufficient to detain the artist at the Golden Eagle. In a few days he had become quite intimate with his hostess, and had taken the likeness of each of the daughters. People came from miles round to see these portraits, which were pronounced marvellous, and which were indeed very skilfully executed.

Frederic's reputation had spread far and wide when the 22nd of September, the village fête day, drew near, and everyone in St. Maurice began to make some sort of preparation for the annual procession. In this procession the most conspicuous place was allotted to a banner on which St. Maurice himself was represented. Fancy, then, the consternation of the inhabitants when it was discovered that the silk had been gnawed to pieces by rats, and that the features and form of the Saint could no longer be distinguished! The beadle and bellringer of the church, who were answerable for the Saint's appearance, or rather disappearance, were afraid to appear in public, and the peasants murmured among themselves that it would be a nice procession if there were no procession, and that it would be a nice procession if there were no St. Maurice!

Who was to paint another St. Maurice? It was already the 20th of the month, so that the figure, if it were to be painted at all, would have to be completed within two days. Everyone declared it was impossible, and at the same time everyone thought of Frederic Lambert.

Frederic did not wait to be asked, but rushed to the rescue of his own accord. He commenced the figure on the afternoon of the 20th, worked at it all the evening and the greater part of the night, rose early the next morning, and before noon had finished it. The Saint had still to be mounted. But the great difficulty had been overcome; the rest was mere upholstery.

The peasants were half inclined to regard the young artist as a magician. Certainly, if he would have allowed it, they would have carried him in triumph round the village. The curate thanked Frederic almost with tears in his eyes, and was from that time his warmest friend; while the village doctor, who was the curate's brother, declared himself equally grateful.

CHAPTER II.

About a fortnight after the fête of St. Maurice, the painter, to the grief of the whole village, announced that he must take his departure the following day. He went out to pay a final visit to his friends, the doctor and the curate; but, attracted by the beauty of the evening, he first of all walked in the direction of the old chateau which he had noticed from his window the morning after his arrival, and to which he had since paid frequent visits.

The Château de Montsabrey was an excellent specimen of an old feudal mansion. It was admirably situated, and Frederic felt less hesitation than he would otherwise have done in approaching it and examining it attentively from the fact that it appeared to be uninhabited. He had sometimes fancied as he lay on the grass admiring its architecture that a sound of music proceeded from the old house—but the noises of evening, the buzzing of gnats, the droning of beetles, the murmur of a river are a music in themselves; and if the chateau had been occupied it was more than probable that he would have seen, or at least heard, of the inmates during the many weeks he had now passed at St. Maurice. Frederic had walked half round the manor house, and was proceeding to complete the circuit when just before him, sitting on the slope of the hill on which it was built, he saw a young girl, apparently about sixteen or seventeen years of age, a lady from thirty to forty, and an old gentleman with grey hair, whom he at once recognised as his friend the doctor. There was an expression of deep grief on the countenance of the elder of the two ladies, which contrasted strangely with the innocent, almost playful, smile of her young companion. Need we say that it was the latter who especially claimed the artist's attention? He saw her but an instant, for a moment's reflection told him that he was intruding upon some secret sorrow, and that he must lose no time in retracing his steps; but during that instant he noticed the watchful glance that was cast upon her by her anxious protectress as he, a stranger to them, threatened to break upon their solitude. The object of so much solicitude had a tender, sympathetic face, and yet she appeared to feel nothing of the sadness which oppressed the lady by her side. The slight, fragile figure of the young girl suggested that she was an invalid, a supposition which was strengthened by the poetical delicacy of her countenance, and, to some extent, by the presence of the doctor, who, however, was a very general visitor in the neighbourhood of St. Maurice.

Frederic, as we have said, retraced his steps, and in doing so came to the house of the curate, of whom he intended to take leave that evening. However, after conversing with him for some minutes, during which he made no allusion whatever to his approaching departure, the painter of the great St. Maurice thought fit to inform his obliged friend that he had just seen the doctor in company with

As the curate evinced no sort of astonishment at this information, Frederic concluded that he must be acquainted with them, and proceeded to question him on the subject.

"They are M^{me} de Montsabrey and her daughter, M^{lle} de Montsabrey," said the curate.

"I thought the château was uninhabited," remarked Frederic, half-inquiringly.

"No. But they receive no company, and seldom go out except into the grounds at the back, where, I suppose, you saw them?"

Frederic nodded his head. A pause ensued; after which the artist said, point-blank to the curate.

"What is the matter with Mdlle. de Montsabrey, and why does her mother look so sad?"

"That is Heaven's secret, not mine," was the reply. "But there is no better woman in France than Mdlle. de Montsabrey, and her prayers will one day be heard."

Frederic saw that there was some mystery connected with this family into which it was not permitted to pry. He changed the subject of conversation, and soon afterwards wished the curate good-night, saying, however, not a word about his departure.

On reaching the Golden Eagle the favourite lodger threw the whole household into a state of ecstasy by announcing that he intended to pass the remainder of the fine weather at St. Maurice. Then he informed the hostess of his meeting with Mdlle. de Montsabrey and her beautiful and interesting daughter.

"Poor child!" said the landlady, "she has the best mother in the world; and everything has been done for her, but I am afraid it is no good."

"What, then, is the matter with her?" asked Frederic.

The proprietress of the Golden Eagle put her finger to her forehead.

"Insane?" inquired the young man, with a look of profound pity.

"No, not that," was the reply. "But she takes no notice, except, perhaps, of her mother; and it is not always that she knows her. No one in the village ever sees her, but they say she is as good and kind as can be. She understands no more than a child in arms, but she loves music, and her mother sits playing to her all night sometimes."

"That accounts, then, for the sounds I used to hear when lying down on the plain at the foot of the château. But why did you never tell me that it was inhabited?"

"You never asked me," was the pertinent reply. "Besides, Mdlle. de Montsabrey and her daughter—Heaven bless her, and make her right, poor thing!—live like nuns in a convent. The doctor has only to tell her that this one in the village is ill, or that one is in want, and her purse is always open to him; but she never leaves her child, not for an instant. And why should we talk of her, a lady who is so good and kind?"

Frederic saw at once the force of the landlady's logic. Considering the turn conversation is apt to assume, in villages as in towns, and that gossip generally borders upon calumny, it is certainly a great mark of respect to any man or woman never to mention them. However, he resolved to question the doctor respecting the young girl whose existence was enveloped in so much mystery, and, with that object, visited him the next morning. The doctor told his young friend very little that he had not heard before.

"The case is a strange one," he observed. "The girl's intellect has never been developed; but there is no malformation, nor has she ever suffered, as far as I can ascertain, from disease of the brain. We thought when she was entering her sixth year there might be a change, but none of any importance took place. Now again she is at a critical period. Indeed she was taken seriously ill yesterday evening after her walk, and I was up with her all night. How it will end I cannot say. The organs are all sound, but she is as delicate as a sensitive plant, and her nerves are so finely strung that the slightest shock must derange them seriously."

"But," asked Frederic, with some hesitation, "you do not mean to say that she is absolutely without intelligence?"

"I fear so," said the doctor, gravely. "She knows her mother; but all other persons seem to be alike to her. I have seen poor Mdlle. de Montsabrey talk to her daughter, make signs to her, kiss her, throw herself on her breast, and implore her to utter a syllable of recognition, but in vain. Lucille smiles and kisses her mother in return, but that is all. However, she knows her even before she enters the room, and always runs forward to meet her. Her senses are wonderfully acute, and she can distinguish Mdlle. de Montsabrey's footstep when another person standing by her side, myself for instance, is quite unaware that anyone is approaching. She is also passionately fond of flowers, and still more so of music. When listening to a beautiful melody she loses the half vacant expression that her face usually wears; but, although she likes some airs better than others, it is difficult to say whether she recognises them or not. Sometimes I think she does. But who can tell? Perhaps the pleasure she evinces at hearing one of her favourite tunes is not in the least connected with any recollection of a previous performance, but arises solely from the combinations and sequences of sound produced at the time?"

The doctor was here interrupted by a messenger from the château. Lucille was worse. Frederic could think of nothing but the poor suffering girl for the rest of the evening. When he awoke the next morning he found a man standing by his bedside with a note in his hand. It was from the doctor, and its contents were as follow:—

"Lucille is no more. Come at once and take her portrait. Her mother entreats you to do so."

In half an hour Frederic, with his portfolio under his arm, entered the courtyard of the Château de Montsabrey.

At the door was a travelling-carriage, with the horses ready harnessed. On the threshold stood the doctor, with Mdlle. de Montsabrey, insensible, in his arms.

"Take her now," he said to a tall, pale man, of distinguished appearance, who stood in the corridor, and who appeared to hesitate. "Take her now that she has fainted. If she remain here I do not answer for her life." "The shock has been terrible," he added, turning to Frederic.

The pale man, who, it appeared, was the brother of Mdlle. de Montsabrey's late husband, took the fainting woman in his arms and carried her to the postchaise that was waiting at the door. A few minutes afterwards, and it was out of sight.

CHAPTER III.

Lucille had the same smile on her face that Frederic had noticed when he saw her for the first time. Decay's "effacing fingers" had not yet "swept the lines" where beauty still lingered. She was attired in a dress of white muslin, fastened round the waist with a sash of the same colour. On her head was a simple wreath of white flowers, that were as pale and as pure as her own snowy complexion, as yet untouched by the tint of death.

Frederic went to work with feverish rapidity lest a change should take place before he had caught the angelic expression which Lucille's countenance now wore. The priest, who had been praying by the bedside, had retired for a moment; the doctor was giving directions respecting some luggage which had to be sent after Mdlle. de Montsabrey; and Frederic was alone with his beautiful, silent model.

Again and again he attempted, but in vain, to do justice to the delicate lines of her mouth, when suddenly the lips appeared to quiver. Frederic thought his imagination had deceived him, agitated as he knew he must be by the presence of death, and, above all, by the strange task he had undertaken, and which, in fact, amounted to a race between his preserving crayon and the inexorable hand of the destroyer. But again the lips moved, and Lucille, opening her large, sorrowful eyes and looking Frederic full in the face, said, in a faint voice,

"Mother!"

In a moment Frederic was in the next room calling for the doctor. The doctor thought the young artist was mad, but nevertheless followed him to Lucille's chamber, and there was Lucille sitting up in the bed, alive, but terribly exhausted.

CHAPTER IV.

The curate lost not a moment in writing to Mdlle. de Montsabrey to apprise her of the sudden restoration to life of her beloved child; but how to address his letter was the source of much perplexity, for all that was known of Mdlle. de Montsabrey's movements was

that her brother-in-law had intended to take her to Italy. One letter was therefore sent to Florence, another to Naples, and a third to Rome. When after a fortnight's delay no answer had been received, the curate wrote to Milan, Venice, Genoa, and Turin, and afterwards to Nice; but none of the letters reached the person to whom they were addressed. It was afterwards ascertained that the travellers had stayed in Paris at the Hotel de Princes; but all that could be learnt about them there was that, soon after their arrival in the metropolis, they had started for the south. Meanwhile there was universal joy in the village of St. Maurice on Lucille's recovery becoming known, and her restoration to life was by most persons attributed to the young artist who had already proved his supernatural power by painting in five minutes (so the legend now ran) a St. Maurice that was more like St. Maurice than St. Maurice himself.

Lucille in awaking to life also awoke to consciousness. She appeared to have risen suddenly from a long dream. Her thoughts naturally turned to her mother, who seemed to be perpetually in her mind, so much so, indeed, that the doctor found it necessary to use his utmost endeavours to divert her mind from this constant pre-occupation. In the meanwhile, the presence of Frederic, who was indefatigable in his attentions, was of the greatest benefit, and both the doctor and the curate felt that it would be impossible to do without him. She had seen Frederic's sketch of herself as she lay asleep on the bed, and was delighted with it.

As soon as the patient was strong enough to go out into the air she insisted upon Frederic accompanying her; and the artist was so enraptured at the contemplation of the young intelligence expanding day by day, that he now abandoned all intention of quitting St. Maurice until Lucille should be thoroughly restored to health. The doctor found in Frederic a most valuable assistant. It was necessary, above all things, to keep Lucille's attention engaged upon agreeable things. At the same time, without straining it, the young painter appeared to understand this art perfectly; and she was never more happy, calm, and reasonable than when he was by her side sketching familiar objects, painting birds and flowers, or executing the portraits of the doctor and the curate, who were alone with them.

Lucille continued to progress daily in health and in intelligence. Frederic read to her every evening, and the naive observations of his young pupil were a constant source of amusement and pleasure to him as well as to the curate and doctor, who sometimes "relieved" him, as they called it, though they, in fact, deprived him of a pleasure whenever they rendered any service to Lucille which he could have performed himself.

One day the doctor entered suddenly, when Frederic was alone with his interesting patient, or rather convalescent. He was reading and she was playing the part of listener; but it was evident she did not hear a word he uttered. She was gazing at him with an expression of deep affection which it was impossible to mistake, and which she made no attempt to conceal.

Frederic paused to speak to the doctor, who took the first opportunity of leading him towards the garden. Then he told the artist what he had noticed, and Frederic understood that he had no alternative but to leave St. Maurice without further delay. However, when Lucille heard that her friend was to go away she was in despair, and the doctor trembled for the consequences of his departure. At this juncture a letter arrived from Mdlle. de Montsabrey. She had not been to Italy at all, but to the south of France, and now announced her intention of returning to the château, where she might be expected the day after the receipt of the letter.

Frederic now resolved to remain at St. Maurice until the mother's arrival, otherwise his departure might have the appearance of being dictated by remorse, whereas he had nothing whatever to reproach himself with. The curate and the doctor also urged him to remain for twenty-four hours longer.

"You witnessed the grief," they said, "which you had no share in causing; and it is but just that you should be a spectator of the happiness to which you will have contributed so much by your unfailing attention to poor Lucille."

It never occurred to either of these wise men that the approaching separation could have the slightest pang for Frederic.

CHAPTER V.

Frederic had painted a magnificent portrait of Lucille, not Lucille unconscious and inanimate, but Lucille living and intelligent. Her smile was no longer the passive smile of her former existence, and her eyes were now full of vivacity, toned down, however, by a certain softness which had never left them. It was determined to show Mdlle. de Montsabrey this portrait before attempting to break to her the news of her daughter's restoration to life, for the doctor knew well that sudden joy sometimes caused results akin to those produced by violent grief.

It was also necessary to exercise a constant surveillance over Lucille, who was almost ecstatic with delight at the prospect of seeing her mother again. She heard the noise of the approaching carriage-wheels some seconds before anyone else could detect it, and trembled almost convulsively as she looked through the window towards the road. The doctor led her into a room at the back of the house, and the curate went forward to receive Mdlle. de Montsabrey.

She was much depressed by grief and also, to some extent, by the fatigue of her journey. On seeing Lucille's portrait she burst into tears, but soon recovered herself, and could scarcely find words to express the pleasure she derived from contemplating it.

"The painter is a man of genius," said M. de Montsabrey, who had accompanied his sister-in-law. "There is inspiration in that picture."

Frederic had, in fact, painted with the eyes of love.

"What would I have given," sighed the poor mother, "if but for a moment I could have seen Lucille as the artist has represented her!"

"Everything is possible to the Almighty," said the curate, solemnly.

"Yes," sobbed Mdlle. de Montsabrey. "I pray that I may meet her in another world, but never again in this."

"Such things have happened, Madame," said the curate, "and many are now alive who at one time have been utterly abandoned by our fallible human science."

"Oh! Lucille, Lucille! where art thou now?" exclaimed Mdlle. de Montsabrey, falling on her knees before the living portrait of the child who, to her, was dead beyond hope.

Lucille entered and threw herself on her mother's neck.

CHAPTER VI.

Mdlle. de Montsabrey was profuse in her expressions of gratitude to Frederic Lambert. As for M. de Montsabrey, he thanked him with a politeness so exquisite that it almost amounted to impertinence.

He even asked him to name his own terms for the admirable portrait of Mdlle. de Montsabrey; and it was not until Frederic refused, very indignantly and very abruptly, that he began to understand that there was some impropriety in such an offer. It hurt the pride of the old noble to suppose for an instant that his sister and his niece could receive a favour from an artist who "painted for his living."

It now only remained for Frederic to take an eternal farewell of the Montsabrey family.

"Madam," he said to the mother, the morning after her arrival, "I have come to take leave of you. I can no longer be of any use to your family (here he glanced at Lucille, who was as pale as when she lay in her deathlike trance); but it will be always a pleasure to me to think that I have contributed, in however slight a manner, to your happiness."

Here he turned away his head to conceal his emotion, and saw that Lucille was weeping.

"And so you wish to go away directly I arrive," said Mdlle. de Montsabrey, as she pressed Frederic to sit down. "I am sorry for it, but I cannot be surprised. It is so long since you have seen your family. Besides, you cannot remain buried here in the pro-

vinces; it is only in the capital that an artist can expect to gain honour and renown. Otherwise, I should insist on your remaining, that I might have time to thank you at my leisure."

Gradually, however, the conversation assumed a more intimate tone. Mdlle. de Montsabrey asked Frederic about his father, who was a Colonel in the Algerian army; whether he had any relations in Paris whom he was very desirous of seeing, and so on. He had only one relative living besides his father—a sister, who was at school in Paris. Mdlle. de Montsabrey said she should be delighted to see her. Frederic bowed, but accepted the remark simply as a compliment of the most conventional kind. At last, when he rose to go, Mdlle. de Montsabrey took him by the hand, saying, "No; it is impossible you can leave us in this way. You have refused my brother's offer, but you must really accept some mark of my esteem."

Frederic cast a look of reproach at Lucille's mother, and was about to quit the room.

"The day is far advanced, Madam," he said, "and I travel on foot."

"You will permit us at least," said the brother, "to conduct you in our travelling carriage to the next town."

"You are a thousand times too kind," said Frederic, scarcely able to repress a smile.

Mdlle. de Montsabrey was standing close to him. She looked at him full in the face with an expression of unspeakable tenderness, and said,

"My dear young friend, there is one mark of my esteem which you cannot refuse." Then, taking the hand of Lucille, who was almost fainting with emotion, she placed it in that of the young man, and, throwing her arms round them both, exclaimed, "You are my own dear children."

The curate and the doctor shed tears. The brother opened his eyes.

"You never thought of that?" said Mdlle. de Montsabrey to the latter.

"No, indeed," was the reply.

"Well," she added, with a smile, "we shall now have an artist in the family."

M. de Montsabrey bit his lips. "One of my ancestors," he observed, "knew Leonardo da Vinci at the château of Fontainebleau, and our family has always patronised the arts."

MR. MELVILLE BELL'S "VISIBLE SPEECH."

UNDER the above or similar headings our readers will recently have noticed in our daily and weekly contemporaries accounts, more or less authoritative, of the new universal alphabet of Mr. Bell, of Edinburgh, who has an exceptionally high reputation among scholars as a scientific master of elocution—using that abused word in its high philosophical as well as its conventional sense. The laborious studies of many years have enabled Mr. Bell to solve the problem in connection with which the names of Bishop Wilkins and Mr. A. J. Ellis are, probably, those which are most familiar to the general reader. The latter gentleman, Mr. Ellis, is, probably, the highest living authority on the subject; and he, in a letter to the *Reader*, avows himself disposed to think that the problem of a universal alphabet is at last solved:—

I have made it my business for twenty-one years to study alphabetical systems. I do not know one which could have produced the same results. I do not know one which could have written every sound I used. So far, then, as I am able to judge, Mr. Bell has solved the problem. I only hope that, for the advantage of linguists, such an alphabet may be soon made accessible; and that, for the intercourse of nations, it may be adopted generally, at least for extra-European nations—as for the Chinese dialects and the several extremely diverse Indian languages, where such an alphabet would rapidly become a great social and political engine.

After the testimony of Mr. Ellis, there is really little remaining to be said; but the writer of these lines was present at a *séance*, or demonstration, at which Mr. Melville Bell's alphabet was submitted to tests as severe as could well be desired, and proved itself equal to the demands made upon it.

The mistake in most of the previous attempts to solve the problem has been the clinging to old alphabets or arbitrary forms already in existence. Mr. Melville Bell's alphabet consists, on the contrary, of a series of physiological symbols, which may be used with perfect ease between (say) a Chinese and an Englishman, neither understanding a word of the language of the other. Apart from the political and propagandist uses to which such an instrument of communication may be put, there remains its utility as an instrument of education. A strictly organic alphabet removes the first difficulty of the child learning to read, and, of course, the difficulty of the adult in learning to pronounce a new language.

Lastly, for the comfort of those who hate the idea of ordinary phonetic writing as much as we do, let it be said that the use of this physiological alphabet does not imply the disuse of ordinary alphabets. It is a sound-bridge from language to language, or from no-speech to speech; but it does not ask for the erasure of one word of any existing literature as it stands in its accustomed type. Its organic basis puts it in definite relation with every sound that the human tongue can utter;—to the rest it can afford to be indifferent.

We cannot pretend even to guess at the horizons opened up by such an alphabet in the training of the Deaf, the Dumb, and the Blind. We have our speculations in this direction, but abler men and women must take up that subject. We may just add, however, that we are satisfied, from what we noticed at the demonstration at which we were present, that there are, to say the least, forms of "dumbness" which may, by the use of Mr. Melville Bell's great discovery, be educated into some form of speech.

PRISON POETRY.—The following lines were found the other day written on the slate belonging to a prisoner under sentence of penal servitude for the second time, and who has repeatedly been convicted besides:—

"I cannot take my walks abroad,

I'm under lock and key;

And much the public I applaud,

For all their care of me.

Not more than others I deserve,

In fact, much less than more;

Yet I have food while others starve,

Or beg from door to door.

The honest pauper in the street

Half naked I behold;

While I am clad from head to feet,

And covered from the cold.

Thousands there are who scarce can tell

Where they may lay their head;

But I've a warm and well-air'd cell,

A bath, good books, good bed.

While they are fed on workhouse fare,

And grudge their scanty food,

Three times a day my meals I get,

Sufficient, wholesome, good.

Then to the British public health,

Who all our care relieve,

And while they treat us they do

They'll never want for thieves."

EIGHT NEW CRUISERS FOR THE CONFEDERATES.—A despatch, dated Baltimore, Aug. 20, says:—"A German mechanic, who has been employed for over two years in the Confederate navy department in the construction of iron-clad vessels, states there are two vessels at Wilmington, North Carolina, ready to run the blockade. They carry 24-pounders and are covered with 4-inch iron. Each vessel carries four guns. There are also two vessels at Kingston, North Carolina. One of them is named the *Moose*. She carries 24-pounders, and is to be commanded by Captain T. F. Lloyd, of the Confederate States navy. There are also two vessels in the Pedee River, north of Georgetown, both of which will be ready for duty in about a month, and one of them perhaps sooner. One of them is called the *Pedee*, Lieutenant Morgan, Confederate States navy, commanding. The other is called the *Marion*, to which no officer has been appointed as yet. Both these vessels are clad with iron four inches thick, and each carries four guns, 24-pounders. There is one ironclad being built at Plymouth, North Carolina. Her armour is twelve inches in thickness, and she is to be ready for sea in two months. She is to carry 12-pounder guns, and will be named the *Albemarle*. This German also reports a new gun-boat getting ready in Richmond, which will be coated with 4-inch plates. One singular feature about the armament of these vessels is, that not one of them carries guns of a heavier calibre than 24-pounders."

SOMETHING ABOUT ROTTERDAM AND THE ROUTE THERE, VIA HARWICH.

AFTER a quick ride by rail to Harwich, at 9.15 p.m. exactly, on a pleasant autumnal evening, the new steam-packet *Avalon*—the very model of a blockade-runner—belonging to the Great Eastern Railway Company, swung slowly off from the pier at Harwich, and, rounding the Pembroke guard-ship, steamed out of the Orwell estuary, past Landguard Fort, into the German Ocean. Quickly the Cock light-ship was reached and passed, and the supper-bell rang. The lights in Felixstowe, that pleasant little seaside retreat of Ipswichers—where the unfortunate Londoner, however, is so fabled that he seldom cares to return a second season—glimmered fitfully in the distance, and then disappeared as the powerful beacon of Orfordness threw its warning rays over the wide waste of waters.

The sun rose bright and cheery as the low coast of Holland appeared insight—so low as not to be visible until close to it, which I have always supposed to be the main reason why so many tourists rush frantically past it in their haste to see countries and people not one half so interesting. The first appearance of Holland is by no means promising or picturesque, presenting nothing but low mud-banks, scarcely raised above the level of the water, tufted with the mournful willow, and bearing a strong resemblance, though on a smaller scale, to the opening views of the river Hoogly as you approach that sweet river from the pilot-station at the Sand-heads. The Maas or Meuse here forms an estuary, and discharges most of the combined waters of itself and the Rhine into the sea. The bar at the mouth is impassable for seagoing vessels at low water, when there is only a draught of 7 ft. upon it, but the genius and capital of the present age ignore such obstacles. As the river is entered a low sandy mud-bank projects into the sea on the left hand. This is the Hoek van Holland (pronounced Hook), or corner of Holland, where a harbour is about to be commenced immediately, and whence a railway will carry passengers in less than an hour to Rotterdam. It is also proposed to construct a railway from the Hoek, along the sea-coast, to Scheveningen, three miles from the Hague, and the most celebrated bathing-place in the north of Europe. By these means, and others in contemplation, the chief towns of Holland will be brought as near to London as Paris or Dublin. This will also become the mail route; for it is an absurdity (that will not long be tolerated) to send a letter via Belgium at a charge of 8d., minimum weight, when a quicker and cheaper route is available. Over the bar, with a favouring tide, the steamer ascends the river, only slackening her speed a little when abreast of the small fortified town of Brielle (pronounced Brille), in order to take on board the custom-house officers who come off here. The baggage is searched during the progress up to Rotterdam, and it is only fair to record that the Dutch douaniers are as civil and easy here as they are on every part of their frontier. Passports are abolished for British subjects; the only police regulation required of the traveller being a statement of his name, profession, and residence, in a form supplied to all lodging-house and hotel keepers, should he purpose making any sojourn in any of the towns of Brielle. It is the birthplace of Admirals Martin Harperry, Van Tromp, and Cornelius De Witt; and here were laid, by chance, the first foundations of the Republic of the United Provinces.

About five miles further up the river, on the same side as Brielle, is the entrance to the new canal of Voorden, intersecting the Island of Voorn, by means of which large seagoing vessels are enabled to pass from the Maas to the fine harbour of Hellvoetsluys, and avoid the bar at the mouth of the river. The largest ships can thus reach the sea in two days from Rotterdam. Hellvoetsluys is the principal naval station of the Dutch on the south, as the Helder is on the north, and contains a Royal dockyard and arsenal. It was from this port that William III. set sail for England, with a flotilla of upwards of 600 vessels, on Nov. 1, 1688.



THE DELFT GATE, ROTTERDAM.

The next place of interest as you ascend the river, on the left hand, is Vlaardingen, the principal depot of the Dutch herring-fishery.

On the same side as Vlaardingen, though not situated on the river-bank, is Schiedam, the ever famous. Then comes Delfshaven, notable as the birthplace of the naval hero, Piet Hein; and at the next sweep of the river, Rotterdam, with its endless forest of linden trees, masts, funnels, and windmills, looms suddenly into view.

Rotterdam, so called from its position at the confluence of the Rotte with the Maas, on the right bank of the latter stream, eighteen miles from the sea, is the second town of Holland in population and commerce. On the 31st of December, 1862, it contained 111,403 inhabitants. The Maas in front of the town is from 30 ft. to 40 ft. deep (the ebb and flow of the tide generally making a difference of 10 ft. or 12 ft.) and half a mile broad, forming one of the best harbours in Europe, with deep water close to the shore, so that the spars of the largest Indianmen touch the linden, which for a mile and a half line and give the name to the principal quay of the town—the Boompjes. The town is built entirely on piles, in the form of a triangle, outside of which is the aforesaid Boompjes, resting on the river. It is intersected in all directions by canals, great and small, spanned by balance and draw bridges, and bordered by rows of the everlasting linden. These canals serve as docks, and are crowded with every kind of craft from the treksboot or drag-boat, for inland travelling, to the large coffee and spice laden Indianman. A stranger, judging from the quiet and plodding manner in which the lading and unlading, the storing, and the carrying is all

done, would scarcely believe that Rotterdam is of the vast commercial importance that it really is, were it not for the undoubted presence of the flags of all nations flaunting in front of the bedroom windows in every street. The separation from Belgium, next to the ejection of the Spaniards, was the best thing that ever happened for Holland, politically and commercially. For Rotterdam it was especially so; for there was always a rivalry, from time immemorial, between her and Antwerp; and since the secession of Belgium, Rotterdam has increased in commercial wealth and importance in proportion as Antwerp has decreased. In fact, since the introduction of steam, especially in the inland navigation, Rotterdam has beaten Amsterdam in the home trade, and is only second to Hamburg as an entrepôt for the exports and imports of Germany. There is a great trade in provisions and cattle, and much corn is brought down the Rhine, chiefly for re-shipment to England. The trade with Java and the Dutch East Indian archipelago employs 200 of the finest merchantmen in the world, and nearly a million bales of Java coffee are sold annually here and at Amsterdam, principally to Russian and German houses. The West India trade with Surinam and the Dutch islands is gradually reviving, though the emancipation of the slaves has done more injury to the Dutch West India possessions than it has done even to the British.

An enormous dyke or dam, on which is built the Hoogstraat, or high street, runs through Rotterdam from east to west, like a huge backbone, and divides the old town from the new. That portion from the Hoogstraat to the Boompjes, which is the new or commercial quarter, has been reclaimed from the Maas since the erection of the dyke.

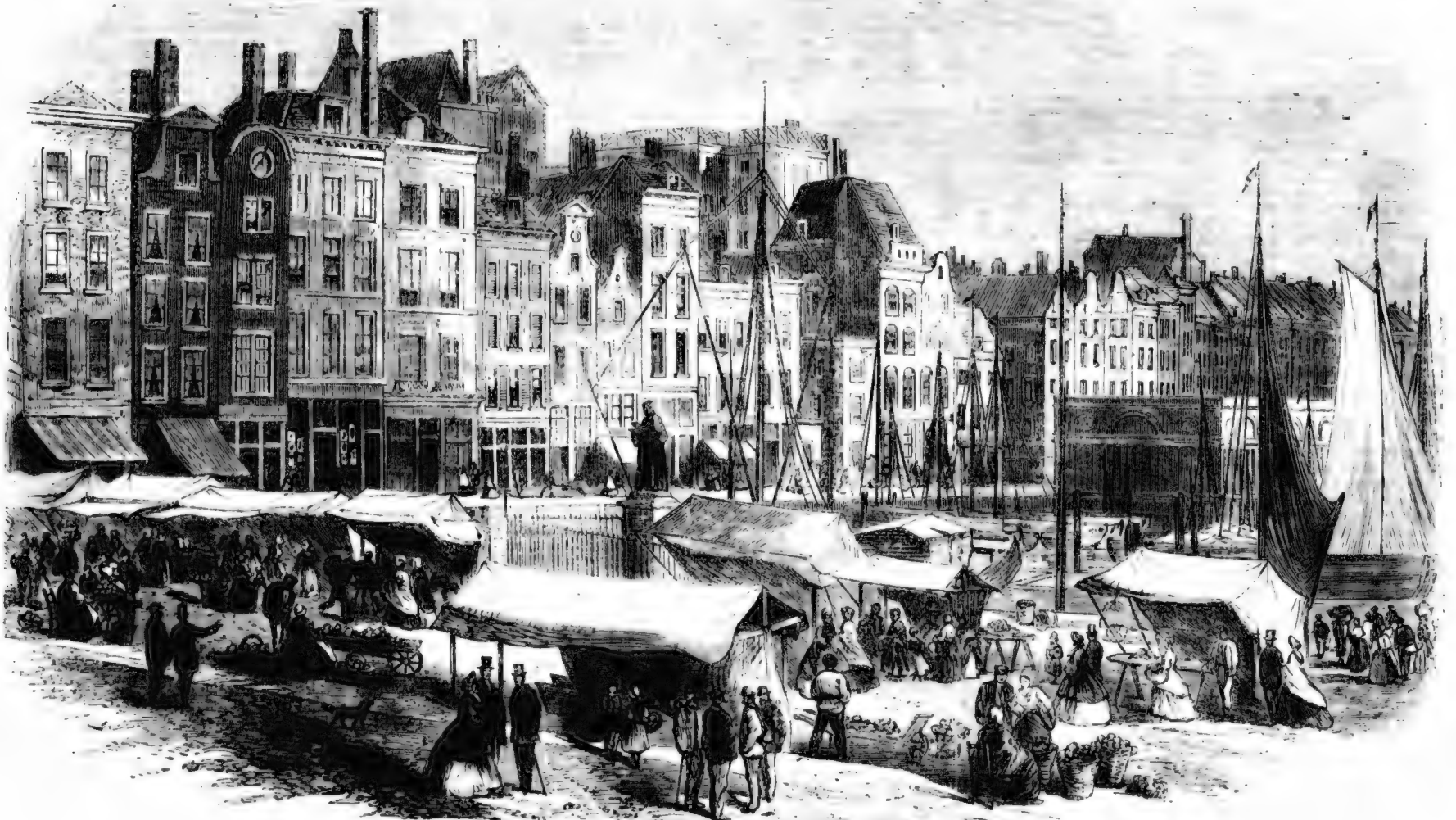
In the Great or Erasmus Market, as it is indifferently called, stands a bronze statue of the famous scholar, erected to his memory in 1622, with the somewhat arrogant inscription, "Viro seculi sui primario." The statue itself, though supposed to be the chef-d'œuvre of the sculptor Keizer, and one of the sights for strangers to see, is a work of no particular merit. The house in which Gerrit Geiritz—or, as he chose to classicise his name, according to the pedantic custom of the time, Desiderius Erasmus—was born, still exists as a gin-shop in the Breede Kerk Straat, leading to the Great Church. It bears a small statue of the learned man, with the inscription, "Hæc est parva domus, magnus quæ natus Erasmus."

The traveller who expects to find in the churches of Holland the same attractions of architecture, sculpture, and painting, as in those of Italy and other Roman Catholic countries, will be disappointed. The Reformation destroyed the ornamentation of Romish worship, and the Carnagholes of Pichegru completed the iconoclastic process by smashing and defacing everything in and about the building that offended their new-born republicanism.

The great church of St. Laurence, built in 1472, is the chief place for Protestant worship, and the one most worth seeing in Rotterdam. It contains monuments to the memories of Admirals De Witt, Kortevaer, and Van Brakel, erected by the States-General; also a very fine organ, thought by some to be superior in tone and size to the famous one at Haarlem. Anyone's curiosity or love of music can be gratified by visiting the church at two o'clock on Thursdays, when the organist plays gratuitously. It is assuredly not worth the special fee of ten guilders (or 16s. 8d.) to hear it at any other time. A much more interesting and instructive half hour can be spent on the top of the old tower, whence the configuration and real marvels of the Hollow Land can be seen with advantage.

An afternoon may also be profitably and pleasantly lounged away, stopping on the way for a few minutes to gaze at the handsome gateway on the road to Delft, in the gardens of the Zoological Society, where a very valuable and important collection of animals and birds is being rapidly accumulated.

Beyond these sights—the museum was burnt down a short time ago—there is nothing to keep a tourist long in Rotterdam, if time is



THE ERASMUS MARKET-PLACE, AT ROTTERDAM.

an object to him. Whatever else there is at the Exchange, and Stadhuis, and elsewhere, can be seen in a day. There is, certainly, the Kermis, or great annual fair, should one chance to be in Rotterdam at the time of its celebration, in the middle of August. For this year it is over, having lasted during the week ending on Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, Aug. 21.

On the principle that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," the Hollanders in the chief towns pause for one week in each year in their toiling, and spinning, and scrubbing, to hold high jubilee. "Once a year laughs Apollo;" truly, in Holland, he enjoys himself with a grin a week long. To those whose hearts are still young enough to enjoy the spectacle of a grave, hard-working, sober people in a fit of temporary insanity; to see them walking on their heads one night—the maddest in the kermis week—out of the three hundred and sixty-five; to witness the wild vagaries of old Bartlemy and Greenwich Fairs, the scalp feasts of the Ojibbeways, the Roman carnivals of the pre-Mastai-Ferretti period, and high holidays at Bedlam, all amalgamated into one; to such a one we would say, "Pay a visit to the Kermis Fair at Rotterdam."

A GREAT ENGINEERING FEAT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* sends from the port of Santos Brazil, the description of a somewhat remarkable engineering feat by which a railway from that port into the interior attains in the course of five miles of mountain steep an elevation of 2600 ft. —

The San Paulo Railway, a line in the hands of English capitalists and English directors, runs from the port of Santos into the country to the village of Jundiaby, a distance of eighty-eight miles, touching on its course the capital city of San Paulo. Eight miles from Santos commences the vast mountain chain which runs along the coast for hundreds of miles, and is known as the Serra do Mar. It seems to assume its grandest proportions at the only point where the province of San Paulo can be entered from the sea, and it is at this point that science has been called upon to grapple with the tremendous difficulty of crossing the dividing ridge. From Santos to the commencement of the ascent the railway runs over a swampy country, wretchedly rotten and reeking with miasma, till, crossing the Cutatao River, eight miles from the sea, it approaches, by a woody defile in the rocks, the gorge up which it has to climb, till, 2600 ft. above, it passes out through an opening in the heights on to the "campos," over which it runs on into the interior of the province. It is this enormous ascent which gives to the undertaking its emphatic character. Passing the Mugy River, and at each step becoming more and more confined, the black, defiant ravine is suggestive of anything rather than an outlet for a railway course, which goes winding and ascending, crossing mountain torrents, leaping gloomy chasms, cutting through solid rocks, still working upwards, till at length, after five miles of such Titanic effort, it passes out on to the "open." The transit is accomplished as follows:—

The entire ascent is divided into four "lifts," or inclines, of a mile and a quarter each, running at a gradient of 1 in 10. A level platform, or "bankhead," marks the summit of each incline, and at the upper end of the platform is a stationary engine. This engine has double cylinders of 26 in. diameter, with 5 ft. stroke, and has been calculated to haul up fifty tons at the rate of ten miles per hour. Five boilers of the Cornish description are placed with each engine. On the upper half of each incline there is a double line of rails, with arrangements for passing-places on the middle of each of these "lifts." A single line of rails then runs on from the centre to the foot of each of the four divisions into which the ascent is divided.

A steel-wire rope, 1½ in. diameter, is made for pulling up the ascending trains. This rope, tested to a weight far exceeding the requirements that will be made upon it, passes over friction-wheels, and is attached to the fly-wheel shaft. The inclines are therefore partially self-acting, at the same time passing one train down to the foot of the Serra and drawing up another to the higher levels on its way out to the province beyond.

The above description of one of these inclines will serve for the whole. The mechanical contrivance is in each case substantially the same, and the nature of the steep over which the line passes varies very little. Everywhere a wild, defiant, frowning majesty marks the scenery through which these wonderful inclines wind their serpentine way. On the third division, however, there is a ravine, more gloomy than any other. This "Bocca do Inferno," for so it is called, is 900 ft. in span on the level of the railway, and is crossed by a viaduct, resting upon clusters of iron columns, which spring up from enormous stone piers 200 ft. below the centre of the line which passes over them. The "Bocca do Inferno" is now alive with human activity, which loads the air with music; men are swarming in the clefts of the rocks at every available point, and great efforts are being made to connect the two sides of the ravine, so that trains may pass over it, and the whole ascent may be made ready for the public. The completion of the four divisions of the incline is, therefore, not far distant.

The first division was in operation at the time the correspondent wrote (July 30), and he was present at the inauguration. The speed in ascending, at first very slow, quickly improved, and the motion smoother, and in eight minutes the train was on the level platform which forms the "bankhead" of the first lift of the inclines,

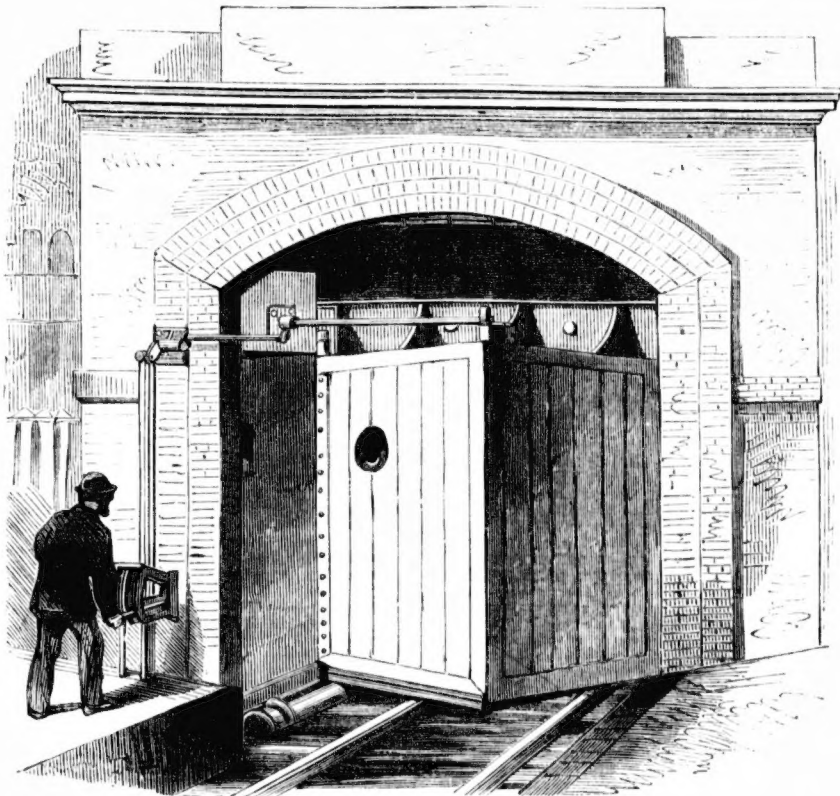
having passed at the centre point the down train, which was running on to the level below. Once or twice, on the ascent, the train came to a standstill, and the ascending and descending carriages were suspended and held fast midway on the courses, by way of demonstrating the absolute safety and control in which all the operations were held by those who had charge of the machinery on the levels above us.

As might be expected, such a feat has excited great interest in the country, the Brazilians having been long incredulous as to the possibility of scaling the mountain ridge in such a manner. It is satisfactory for the shareholders to add that the Brazilian Government are pledged to a guarantee of seven per cent on the capital outlay. Some eighteen months will yet be required, however, to complete the line on its entire length of eighty-eight miles to Jundiaby. In the mean time its immediate extension to the city of Campinas is occupying the attention of the province, and is, the writer was told, under the consideration of the Imperial Government, Mr. Brunlees, the chief engineer, having already submitted plans for the inspection of competent authority. Campinas is the legitimate terminus of this line. Jundiaby is but a small and unimportant village, while Campinas is the centre of the finest coffee-producing district in Brazil. The importance, therefore, of this city as a terminus is evident; and, indeed, till it has been reached, shareholders will not know the value of their investments, and managers will not have sounded the resources of the country into which the line runs. Meanwhile, in Europe the success of the engineer in his attempt to cross the Serra do Mar will be read with satisfaction, as a conquest won by science in a district yet new to commercial enterprise.

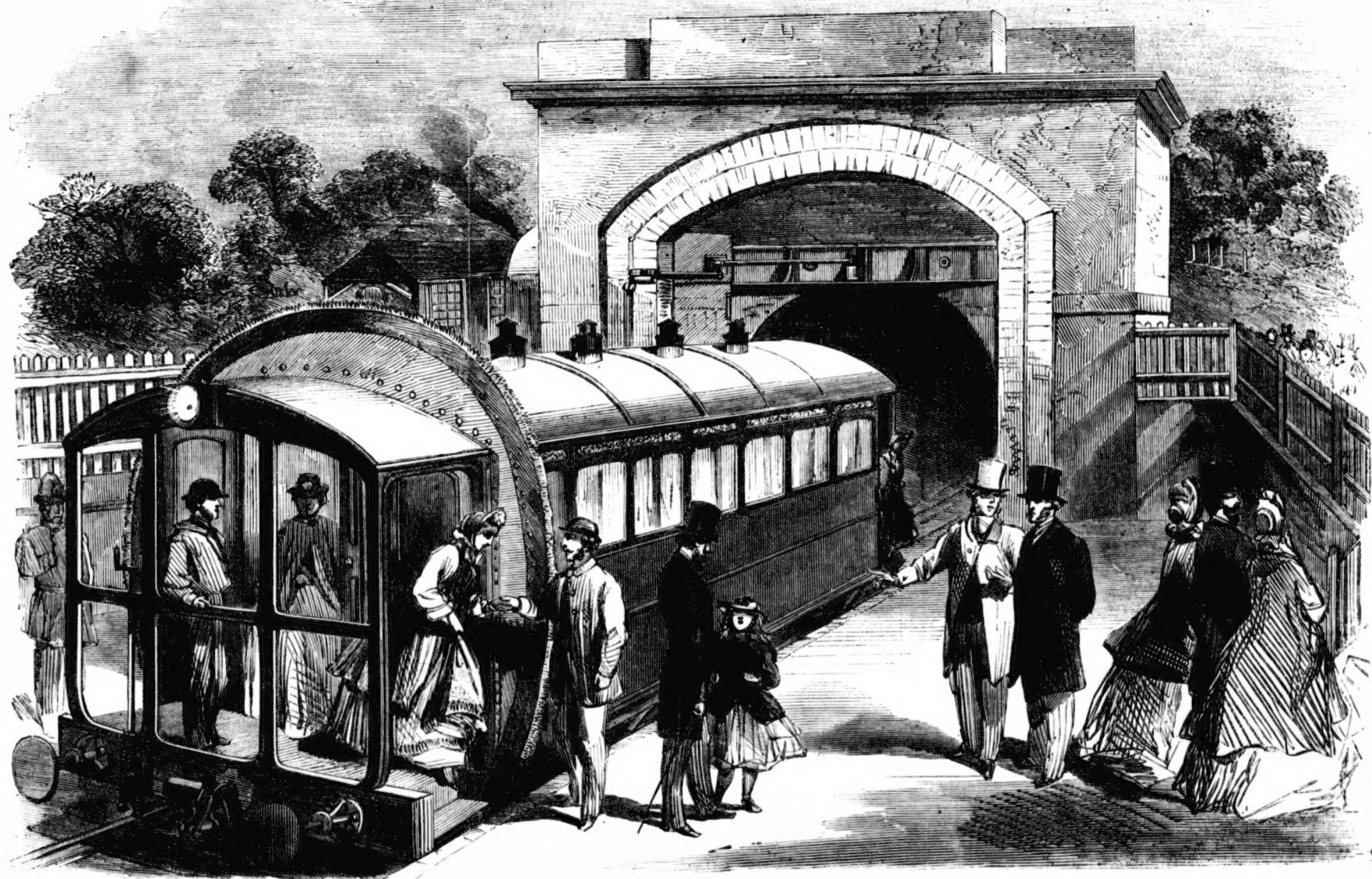
THE PNEUMATIC RAILWAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

In our last week's Number we published a full description of the construction and working of the experimental pneumatic railway now in operation at the Crystal Palace. We now publish two Engravings illustrative of this novel invention—the one picture representing the starting, and the other the arrival of the train at respective ends of the tube. Since the line was opened, large numbers of the visitors to the palace have patronised it, a trip on the "air-railway" being deemed a necessary part of the day's enjoyment.

SALMON FISHERIES IN CUMBERLAND.—The salmon fishery season for nets, which was brought to a close with the beginning of this month, has been, upon the whole, very satisfactory in the Eden, although the droughtiness of the latter part of the summer prevented it from being so excellent as it would otherwise have been. In the early spring the rivers were in splendid condition for salmon running, and the fishermen were rewarded with good hauls soon after they commenced their operations. As the season advanced they had good takes of salmon and grilse, and it was observed that the salmon-trout, of which the supplies were considerable, were larger this year than usual. The drought alone prevented the season from being excellent; as it is, it may be pronounced equal to last year. The stake-nets on the Scotch side of the Solway have had a great run of luck since the close season commenced on the English side. Those fixed engines are not out of season till Sept. 25, and in the stormy weather of the last few days they have taken some great hauls of salmon and grilse. On the 1st of January next, according to the new Scotch Salmon Fisheries Act, all the fixed engines on the Scotch side of the Solway, except such as exist by virtue of "grant, charter, or immemorial usage."



THE PNEUMATIC RAILWAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: STARTING THE TRAIN.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN.

OPERA, CONCERTS, ETC.

Music for a time has gone into the provinces. Last week its headquarters were at Hereford. They have since been moved to Birmingham, whose great triennial festival began almost before that of Hereford had come to an end. The Birmingham music-meeting began, nominally, on Tuesday, with Mendelssohn's oratorio of "St. Paul;" but, for a certain number of amateurs, it may be said to have commenced on Monday, when Mr. Costa's "Naaman" was rehearsed from beginning to end. Mr. Costa likes to have his works well performed, and, thanks to his position, can secure for them such an execution as could be obtained for the productions of no other composer of the same rank. He also likes to have them well spoken of, and contrives to get them safely booked and registered for the Temple of Fame before the outside public have had an opportunity of forming an opinion as to their merits. "Naaman" was known to be a masterpiece immediately after its first rehearsal, with band and solo singers, at the Hanover-square Rooms. Its transcendent worth having been proclaimed a second time, after its trial at Birmingham, with band, solo singers, and chorus, it would now be downright impertinence on the part of the *profanum vulgus* to think for itself on the subject. Mr. Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" was given out to the newspapers a fortnight before it was sent into general circulation; but at least the multitude of expectant readers had not very long to wait in order to see whether or not they could confirm the judgment of the critics. In the case of Mr. Costa's oratorio, however (which we have no intention of comparing to Mr. Tennyson's poem except as regards the circumstances of its production), the favourable opinion formed by those initiated secretly into its beauties was made known long before the public could possibly tell to what extent that opinion was justified. We have nothing whatever to say against "Naaman," which we have not heard, nor against Mr. Costa, whose ability in various capacities we willingly acknowledge; but we think rehearsals ought to be either private or entirely public, and that Mr. Costa's masterpieces ought not to be lauded to the skies until they have been brought before the world in the usual manner. We have only to fancy this system of criticism—or, rather, this mode of influencing the public beforehand in favour of a new work and of prejudging its success—applied to the drama to see at once how unjustifiable it is. Suppose a new melodrama were about to be produced. What should we say to an article on the excellence of the work, published several weeks beforehand, followed by another article, or articles, calling attention once more to its beauties and printed on the occasion of a dress-rehearsal immediately before the public representation of the piece? We should think, at least, that the author was highly favoured. The merits of Meyerbeer's compositions were never trumpeted forth in this way before the general public had had any opportunity of becoming acquainted with them. Verdi, Flotow, Balfe, Wallace, Macfarren, have to take their chance and to wait for the verdict of the audience on the "first night." Why is it taken for granted that Mr. Costa is unable to stand the same ordeal?

The list of solo singers at Birmingham comprised Mesdames Titiens, Patti, Rudersdorf, Lemmens-Sherrington, Sainton-Dolby, Palmer; and Messrs. Sims Reeves, Cummings, Weiss, and Santley. M^{rs}. Arabella Goddard was the solo pianist, Mr. Sainton the solo violinist; Mr. Stimpson, of the Townhall, presided at the organ; and Mr. Costa was to have conducted all the performances, with the exception of Mr. Sullivan's "Kenilworth" and Mr. Smart's "Bride of Dunkerron," the execution of which had, of course, to be left to the superintendence of the composers themselves.

The order of the entertainments, as arranged by Mr. Costa and the stewards, was as follows:—Tuesday, Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" in the morning, and Mr. Smart's new cantata, the "Bride of Dunkerron," the words to which have been written by Mr. Frederick Enoch, with a miscellaneous concert, in the evening; Wednesday, Mr. Costa's oratorio (first time of performance in public, after being made the subject on two occasions of public criticisms) in the morning, and Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," &c., in the evening; Thursday, "The Messiah" in the morning, and Mr. Sullivan's "Kenilworth" in the evening; Friday, Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" in the morning, and Mendelssohn's "Elijah" in the evening.

The accounts of the late festival at Hereford are not yet made up. In the meanwhile we are requested to state that the general result has been most satisfactory. The total collection for the clergy widow and orphan charity exceeds £950, and additional donations are expected, which will, no doubt, swell the amount to £1000. The largest sum ever realised by a "festival of the three choirs" was at Worcester in 1860, when £1314 was obtained. These subscriptions are not drawn upon for the expenses of the festival, but are paid over to the charity intact, whether, in other respects, the festival is a pecuniary success or not. It is expected, however, that on the present occasion the receipts from the sale of tickets will be sufficient to cover the expenditure. As a general rule, this is not the case, and the deficit has to be made up by the stewards.

In the way of operatic news we hear that Covent Garden, under the management of the English Opera Company, will open at the beginning of October with a new work by Mr. Macfarren, called "Helvellyn." The second novelty will be an opera from the pen of Mr. J. L. Hatton. Her Majesty's Theatre will probably open the third week in October, with a new opera by Mr. Balfe. In the meanwhile, we are to have, in addition to Mr. Alfred Mellon's Concerts at Covent Garden, a series of concerts of the same kind at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the direction of M. Julien. This duality in all our musical entertainments is very remarkable. From April to August our two great operatic theatres are both given up to the Italians; from October to March they are both to be occupied by English companies; while, between the Italian and the English seasons, they are both turned into promenade-concert rooms. There is a decided want of originality somewhere, and of late the imitation has been all on the side of Her Majesty's Theatre.

INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF SIR G. C. LEWIS AT HEREFORD.

THE memorial statue recently erected in Hereford in honour of the late Minister for War was publicly unveiled by Lord Palmerston on Saturday last. The occasion was one of general holiday, the local bodies of volunteers with their bands turned out, and a procession, consisting chiefly of the civic authorities, escorted Lord Palmerston from the Wykebridge-gate, where his Lordship entered the town, to St. Peter's-square, where the statue stands. Many of the principal inhabitants of Herefordshire and Radnorshire were present. After the usual formalities, the statue was uncovered, and Lord Palmerston pronounced a eulogium on the departed statesman, in the course of which he said:—

You are now assembled to confer posthumous honour on a great and distinguished statesman, who, by the inscrutable decrees of Providence, was taken away from us prematurely and at a moment when, in the full vigour of his age, we might have expected from him the continuance of long and useful public labours. All you can do now is that which you have met here to perform—viz., to commemorate by a lasting memorial the respect and esteem which his contemporaries felt for him, and to hold out to future ages an instructive and inspiring example to induce them to emulate that career which he so honourably and usefully followed. There has seldom been any man in a great public career who so entitled himself to the respect and admiration of his fellow-countrymen as the late Sir George Lewis. I may say that the whole active part of his life was devoted, in one way or another, to the service of his country. During the latter part of his life he filled some of the most arduous and most important offices in the State. He was, as my friend Mr. Clive has observed, at one time Chancellor of the Exchequer, and managed during the Crimean War—a period of great anxiety and great difficulty—the financial concerns of the kingdom; and it is perfectly true that there never was a Finance Minister who acquired and retained to a greater degree than Sir G. Lewis did the confidence of all that commercial community who are so much interested in the accurate and efficient discharge of the functions of that Minister. He then afterwards took charge of the internal affairs of the country as Secretary of State for the Home Department, and there, in that perpetual intercourse which he had with the gentry, the nobility, the corporations, and the different communities connected with our domestic administration, he conciliated their esteem, acquired their confidence, and so, with great advantage, fulfilled the duties of that important post. A vacancy unfortunately happened, through an event much to be deplored, in the office of

Minister for the War Department, and Sir George Lewis, not according to his own inclination, because he would have preferred remaining at the post which he then occupied, but at the earnest request of myself and others connected with the Government, undertook the more arduous duties of the War Minister of this country. Those duties he admirably performed, and I cannot charge myself with the belief that, however heavy their pressure was, upon him, they tended in any degree to shorten his valuable life. Therefore, in all those great and important public positions, he fulfilled his duties in a manner which won for him the respect, the esteem, and the approbation of all concerned in those several departments, exhibiting at the same time a versatility of talent which perhaps few men in an equal degree possessed. In his Parliamentary labours he was an able and efficient debater. He stood up manfully against all opponents in defence of his own opinions, but with a calmness, a forbearance, a power of logical argument, which, although he convinced many who had previously differed from him in opinion, and although he confuted his political antagonists, prevented him, even in the warmth of debate, from ever making a personal political enemy. And those who know, in any sphere of life, how much the passions are apt to be excited by finding opinions adverse to their own supported by able antagonists, and how much the human mind is impatient of contradiction, must know what a fund of good nature, what a fund of calm forbearance, what a fund of substantial reasoning there must have existed in a mind which could pass through debates in the House of Commons night after night and year after year, repelling attacks on some occasions, urging opinions on others, and yet, although distinguished as an able speaker, never by any lapse or yielding to any impulse converting a political antagonist into a personal enemy. But not only was Sir G. Lewis most distinguished as a public man. He was one of the most learned men in private life, as well as one of the most active in public duties. But, however great was his learning, there was in him withal an unpretending singleness and simplicity of mind—that he was not given to any unnecessary display of his knowledge—that a man might have passed hours in his society, and unless the conversation turned by itself upon subjects with which Sir G. Lewis was so much better acquainted than most of those with whom he came in contact, he might have gone away in his ignorant of what a vast store of information he had heaped up in his active and industrious mind. But that knowledge was not merely useful, as all intellectual acquisitions are, but the habit of mind formed in acquiring it enabled him better to perform the public duties with which he was from time to time charged. The great, and I may say the leading, quality of his mind was a thirsting after truth. His great object was to ascertain truth. He was not impatient of contradiction or of opposition; his aim was, by comparing his own ideas with those of others, whether living or dead, whether in conversation or in books, to get at the truth and test the correctness or incorrectness of particular opinions. That quality he possessed in a greater degree than almost anyone whom I have had the good fortune to meet. It was that quality which endeared him as a public man to those with whom he had to enter into communion. But in his private relations of life there was a warmth of heart, a steadiness of affection, a total unselfishness of feeling which rendered him dear to all his friends, which made him invaluable to all his family connections, and which inspired in those who came near him in the exchange of domestic intercourse sentiments deeper even than those which can be entertained by any now assembled to do honour to his memory.

The statue is the work of Baron Marochetti. The base consists of a block of unpolished Penryn granite, on which rests a moulded polished pedestal, surmounted by the statue. The figure of Sir George is cast in bronze, and is 7 ft. 6 in. high. He is represented as standing, with his arms folded upon his breast, and the likeness is said to be admirable. The total height of the memorial is 14 ft. The pedestal bears the following inscription:—"Sir George Cornwall Lewis, a wise and honest statesman, a profound scholar, a kind and firm friend; M.P. for the county of Hereford from 1847 to 1852; chief steward of the city; Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1855 to 1858; Home Secretary from 1859 to 1860; Secretary for War from 1860 to 1863. Born, 1806; died, 1863." The statue was erected under the supervision of Mr. Chick, county surveyor for Herefordshire, and Baron Marochetti superintended the raising of the figure on the pedestal.

THE HARVEST AND THE CROPS.

MR. JAMES SANDERSON, whose reports on agricultural matters have for some years past possessed much value and importance, has addressed to the *Times* a letter in which he states the results of observations as follow:—

Already in the southern, midland, and eastern counties harvest may be said to be completed. In Staffordshire and Shropshire a considerable area under beans is still to be cut, and a few fields of wheat are outstanding. In Cheshire and Yorkshire nearly all the crops are cut and fully one half secured, while in the northern counties of England and throughout Scotland generally three fifths of the cereals are cut and one fifth safely housed.

Crops have all cut up better than farmers anticipated, and as the various harvest operations advanced the brighter became the farmers' prospects. Corn in stock gave higher promise than corn growing; the yield on the barn floor exceeded that which the stock fed farmers to expect, while the returns—especially of wheat—to the miller are equal to those of last year. There are, doubtless, exceptional cases, but these are chiefly limited to sandy, gravelly, and chalky soils, of shallow surface depth. Part of the produce of such soils did not reach maturity, but decayed for want of moisture food; part, again, from having been too rapidly matured, yields wrinkled and shrivelled grain; and part, from the ears having been choked in the sheath, yields straw and grain of little value.

In the wheat-growing districts in East Kent, part of Surrey and Sussex, Essex, Worcester, Warwick, Lincoln, Yorkshire, North Northumberland, Berwick, Roxburgh, the Lothians, the Carse of Gowrie, and Forfar, and, indeed, on all soils adapted to its growth, wheat is a full average crop, and the quality and condition are very superior. Bright-coloured straw, ears round and fully developed, and grain plump and clear, characterises the larger area under wheat in the counties named. In the Lothians and in the border counties of Roxburgh and Berwick the wheat crop is especially fine, and rarely have such fine, golden-coloured straw and bright-tinged grain been produced so far north. On undrained clays and imperfectly pulverised soils the effects of the drought, by creating deep fissures in the land, and thereby forming the surface soil into large masses as hard as indurated cement, have been most severe; consequently, on such soils the wheat was thin on the ground and short in both straw and yield.

The barley crop, especially in the south, is unequal, part being excellent and a small portion inferior. In the barley counties of Norfolk, Berkshire, Bedfordshire, Suffolk—barring the sandy soils of the latter—and in all the barley districts of Scotland this cereal is unquestionably above the average. The samples brought to market in Northumberland and the Lothians run from 56 lb. to 58 lb. per bushel. On light, shallow soils barley is deficient in bulk and yield, and the grain small and stony.

With the exception of the Lincoln, Cambridge, and York fens, which have produced bulky crops, the oat crop in England is sadly deficient. In Scotland, too, where, according to the statistics of 1857—now, unhappily, abandoned—the area under oats is more than double that under wheat and barley combined, the crop is thin in the ground, short in straw, and altogether deficient. The samples in the north, however, are plump and of a fine colour, and weigh from 42 lb. to 44 lb. per bushel. In the home counties the samples are generally inferior, being coarse and husky, and weigh about 38 lb. per bushel. In several districts late sown oats were attacked by an aphid, which, clustering in hundreds around a grain, extracted its juices, and left a husk, covering a worthless kernel.

The bean crop is very irregular. On deep loams it is an average; but, on the whole, this crop is deficient.

Potatoes generally are of fine quality; tubers small but plentiful, and the produce light.

The turnip crop in the southern, eastern, and in most of the midland counties of England is a failure. In the fine root-producing counties of Norfolk, Hants, and Berkshire a few fields of average quality may be witnessed; but these are exceptional, and the greater portion of the area allotted to turnips and mangolds is a blank. In many fields there is not a plant to indicate the crop intended, while in others the crops are so patchy and unpromising that farmers are ploughing them up. Fortunately, in the north the root crops are more promising. In the north parts of Staffordshire and Shropshire, and part of Yorkshire, the turnip crop, though inferior, will afford a considerable amount of "feed." In the western part of Cheshire, and in all Westmorland and Cumberland, turnips were never more promising, while in Scotland generally they are a full average crop. All the counties south of the Forth and Clyde, and in the north of Aberdeen—whose roots constitute the chief food of the Smithfield favourites—may be specially named as promising a large weight of turnips. Where the pastures are bare in the north, cattle and sheep have already been partly put on turnips; and for this purpose, Mr. Hope, of Fenton Barns, the well-known agriculturist, has for the last fortnight pulled roots of good size, though not fully grown. In the south, where there are plants, the crop has been much improved by recent rains; but in the north the crop is more advanced, and at a stage when to make the bulbs swell much moisture is essential; therefore, it yet depends on the rainfall of the next fortnight whether the root crop will exceed or fall short of an average yield.

Pastures in the south have suffered severely from the drought, and up to the middle of August presented the most arid appearance. Stock not supported with extraneous food subsisted chiefly on hedgerow leaves and the branches of trees, and it is surprising how they maintained their condition in well-watered fields. In the north-western counties of England and in the border and western counties of Scotland, pastures, though not equal to the average of years, have nevertheless been unusually green and fresh, and have afforded good keep for stock. The rich pastures in Westmorland and

Cumberland are, indeed, as superior to the arid fields in the south as is the full flush of the summer verdure to the extreme barrenness of winter. Recent rains have considerably improved the pastures in the south, but it is now too late in the season to expect much food from pastures so recently burnt up; and, indeed, a rapid growth of succulent autumnal grasses is not desirable.

Taking the crops as a whole, wheat is average, barley fully average, oats one third deficient, beans under average, potatoes short; roots, in the south, not one fourth of a crop, in the north, a full average.

CAPTURE OF FRANZ MÜLLER AT NEW YORK.

THE supposed murderer of Mr. Briggs, on the North London Railway, has been captured, on his arrival at New York, with the hat and watch of the murdered man in his possession. Inspectors Tanner and Kersey had for a considerable time been watching carefully for the arrival of the Victoria, and had taken all necessary measures to ensure the success of their mission, so far as the capture of the supposed murderer was concerned. In order to render it impossible for Müller to escape upon arrival at New York, a private circular was placed in the hands of all New York pilots; and on Wednesday evening, the 24th ult., and as soon as the Victoria was signalled, the detectives boarded her, and Müller was placed under arrest.

Eight passengers, including Müller, were taken into the cabin, and Mr. Death pointed out the accused. When charged with the crime he denied all knowledge of it, and accounted for his possession of the murdered man's hat and watch, which were found in his baggage, by stating that he had bought them in London. Previous to the detectives boarding the Victoria, some excursionists cried out "How are you, Müller? Throw the murderer overboard."

Upon the detectives making their mission known to Müller he suddenly appeared agitated, and involuntarily exclaimed, "What is it?" and on being told that he was arrested on the charge of murdering Mr. Briggs, turned ghastly pale, but soon recovered, and said, "I did not do it, and I can prove that I was not there at all." At Quarantine Station there was some delay in the appearance of the boarding party, and Captain Champion ordered the immediate seizure of the accused, but a moment afterwards the detectives appeared on board. After the identification was finished, the trunk of the prisoner was opened. In it, sewed up in a piece of chamois leather, was the watch of Mr. Briggs, and a black silk hat, marked "Digance, hatter." The hat had been worn by the prisoner during the voyage, but when taken charge of by Inspector Tanner a cap was borrowed for him to go on shore. After the officers had taken him in custody at Sandy Hook and during the remainder of the voyage to New York he seemed agitated and in deep thought, frequently rising suddenly and pacing the cabin, but slept soundly. During the latter part of the voyage, when off Castle Garden, he was asked what had become of the ring he had received with the chain from Mr. Death. He replied it had been taken from him. Tanner asked if the stone was a red one. He replied, "No, white." It was at this point Mr. Death identified the prisoner. The cook of the Victoria, who slept in the next berth to the prisoner on the voyage out, stated that Müller slept very unsoundly, often waking with starts, and exclaiming, in his sleep, "Who's there?" "Take your hands off."

The prisoner is a man twenty-four years old, and not prepossessing in appearance; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; light hair, and small grey eyes. He was poorly dressed. He was conducted to the headquarters of the police, where his portrait was taken. The people were disappointed in his appearance. They expected to see a fierce-looking individual, instead of a poor, cowering man, as he is, who seemed to be more dead than alive. Prisoner said he should like to have the benefit of legal advice, but was unable to pay. He was examined before the United States Commissioner Newton. He sat quietly, and evinced no interest in the proceedings. In answer to the Court, prisoner said he expected his sister from 139, Nassau-street, but he could not say if she was in court. The following is the report of the proceedings up to the sailing of the steamer:—

Mr. Marbury opened the case for the Crown. He quoted the treaty providing for the delivering up of persons fleeing from justice in one country, when found in another, charged with certain crimes, and demanded that the prisoner Franz Müller, who was charged with murdering Thomas Briggs, in the county of Middlesex, be rendered up for trial, if the evidence adduced warranted his commitment for trial on the charge of murder. Mr. Marbury then briefly narrated the story of the murder, and proposed to read the depositions of the witnesses examined in England.

Mr. Shaffer, who defended the prisoner, objected to the admissibility of those papers, unless the witnesses were all present to be cross-examined. After a long discussion, Mr. Marbury read the depositions upon which the warrant of arrest was based, and called witnesses to prove the authenticity of the documents.

Inspectors Tanner and Kersey were then sworn, and recapitulated the evidence they adduced in London.

Robert Death was next sworn, and, after recapitulating the evidence adduced in London, went on to say:—"I have not the least doubt as to the identity of the prisoner. When I saw him yesterday, on board the Victoria, I was requested to wait till I was called in the cabin where the prisoner stood with a number of other persons. I looked at all those present; there were eight or nine, all strangers. After looking at them all deliberately, I told Inspectors Tanner and Kersey that the second man was the man."

In cross-examination Mr. Death said—I identified prisoner by his light and general appearance. I have not been able to speak as to whether he had whiskers or not, but he had no moustache or beard. (The prisoner then stood up.) I should say prisoner is rather under middle size, and not a thick-set but rather a slightest man.

The counsel called attention to the depositions, which stated that a tall and thin and a thickset man sat beside Mr. Briggs.

Witness went on to say—When I boarded the Victoria I knew that I was going to identify the man. The description of the man was given by myself and brother.

J. Matthews was sworn, and said—Müller's hat fitted his head in an ordinary way, but a little too easy.

This was the case for the Crown, when the Court adjourned till next day, the 27th ult.

It was supposed that Inspector Tanner would leave New York with the prisoner on the 6th, and would arrive in England about the 15th. The greatest excitement prevailed in New York consequent upon Müller's arrest.

THE LATE ALLEGED CONSPIRACY IN AUSTRIAN ITALY.—"We begin to get some light," says the *Independence Belge*, "upon the conspiracy which the Austrian police has discovered in the Italian Tyrol and Venetia. It appears that the party of action in Italy had in reality planned, some months ago, a general rising in arms. It had its arms and its soldiers all ready, and its ramifications and projects extended beyond the frontiers of Italy. The first blows were to be struck in the Austrian possessions. This plan was postponed or abandoned during the stay of Garibaldi at Iscchia; but the plans and the depôts of arms existed, and the Austrian police, put on their track, has begun to arrest the persons most compromised. After arrests upon arrests, it has proceeded to make a complete razzia, not only among the adherents of the party of action but even in the ranks of the moderate party, which naturally desires the reunion of the country to Italy, but without looking to conspiracies for the realisation of its hopes. A crowd of young men of the best families, who can only be accused of holding patriotic opinions, have been taken beyond the Alps to the fortress of Innsbruck, where there awaits them a monstrous trial, the result of which, whatever it may be, will add nothing to the moral force or the security of the Austrian Government."

AN ENGLISH LADY HORSEWHIPPED IN BRAZIL.—A letter from Rio, Aug. 8, says:—"The public have been shocked by a most revolting business in Tuiz da Fora (Minas Seras), where an English lady has been horsewhipped in the streets by a slave, who was employed by his master, one of the Brazilian upper classes, to do this. The lady's name is Cerqueira Luna, widow of a Brazilian diplomatic Minister. She is poor, and has been educating young ladies. A trumpety quarrel between her son and a young Brazilian, living in Tuiz da Fora, caused a relative of this last to send a strong black, a slave, to horsewhip young Luna. His screams brought out his poor old mother, and the slave horsewhipped her also. Many Brazilians were present, but, from fear and terror of the powerful black, no one interfered bodily; one said to have called out to the black to stop, and the slave then turned upon him. It was about 3 p.m., and in the high street. The British Consul has taken up the matter earnestly; the English lady, a widow, is entitled to English protection. It is said that the Emperor has expressed his determination that justice shall be done in this horrid affair; the family of the slave's master is powerful, and you know already that the rule here is that money and power can procure an acquittal. This affair, I think, will excite a sensation in England."

LAW AND CRIME.

FROM the reading of many modern, as well as ancient, law reports, one might well be induced to regard our legal system rather as affording a kind of intellectual pastime for members of the Bar and Bench than any serious attempt at the repression or punishment of crime. As in fortification, naval warfare, and cricket, the science of law appears to be continually labouring to render the means of defence adequate to those of attack. Our most recent criminal legislators, no doubt, thought they had successfully encountered a large class of knavish cases by enacting penalties against what they have denominated "constructive larceny," a crime defined to be the obtaining from another person, by fraud, trick, or device, any valuable thing. For this offence a prisoner was last Monday brought before Serjeant Gaselee at the Middlesex Sessions. The circumstances were these: the prisoner had gone to an hotel, temporarily occupied in part by a military club, with several of the members of which the prisoner was on speaking terms. He ran into the landlord's debt, expressly representing himself to be a member of the club. When pressed upon this point he acknowledged himself not to be a member, but stated that his cheque was good for £1000. He drew a cheque for the amount of his account to a certain date, and upon the faith of this was allowed to remain for a few days longer, when he gave another cheque for the residue of the debt incurred, amounting in all to £54. Both cheques were dishonoured, for the sufficient reason that the person had no account whatever at the bank upon which they were drawn. Was this swindling? Was this constructive larceny? The landlord of the hotel thought it was. So also did the magistrate who committed the prisoner for trial. But even lawyers, as well as doctors, differ occasionally. When the man appeared in the dock, his counsel, Mr. Ribton, ingeniously argued, and maintained by precedent, not that there had been no false pretence, but that no goods or valuable things had been thereby obtained. For what the prisoner had sought to obtain was a lodging at the hotel—and, of course, a lodging could not be the subject of a larceny. As for the viands and liquors with which the prisoner had been supplied, these, although goods in themselves and by themselves, were, nevertheless, subsidiary to the lodging when taken in connection therewith. Mr. Ribton adduced a precedent which was alleged to support his argument, and this precedent was followed by the Judge. To put the matter into plain language, the defence was this. If Vagabundus, upon the strength of a worthless cheque or other false representation, swindle an hotel-keeper out of dinners and wine, this is penal. But, if he add to this his own lodging, then the matter becomes simply one of debt, fowls and champagne being taken as appurtenances to the hiring of a bed-chamber. The learned Judge, Mr. Serjeant Gaselee, saw the full force of this rational argument, and directed the prisoner's acquittal. But not only did his Honour appreciate the legal weight of the defence, but also, as it appears, its moral and equitable value, for he administered a severe "wiping" to the prosecutor. Mr. Serjeant Gaselee reprehended the system of endeavouring to make criminal courts the medium for the recovery of debts, a practice against which he (the learned Judge) always sets his face. The prosecutor appeared not to have cared whether the prisoner had been or not a member of the club so long as his account was paid; neither had he cared for the public question, but only for his own private interests. So that, according to this principle, if a man be knocked down and robbed in the street, he has no right to prosecute in consideration of his own personal injuries, but only upon his estimate of the wrong accruing to "the peace of our Lady the Queen, her crown, and dignity." Upon the other argument, the practical moral to swindlers is that, while it is a crime to cheat a dealer in provisions out of his goods, the offence ceases to be such if the victim be induced to afford the rogue lodging in addition to luxurious food.

The Lord Chancellor has, even in his vacation retirement, been called upon to review his achievements in the way of bankruptcy reform. By the Bankrupt Act, 1861, a debtor is entitled to protection for person and property, upon executing such a deed of composition or arrangement as may be satisfactory to three-fourths of his creditors, and registered with certain forms. A debtor, arrested upon a judgment, executed such a deed, and obtained the required assent. He then applied for his discharge, but this was refused, and he was advised to appeal to the Lord Chancellor. His Lordship found that the Act afforded no relief in such a case. The Court of Bankruptcy could not interfere with a previously executed writ issued out of a common-law court. Consequently, the appeal was dismissed, with costs, and the prisoner was sent to apply to a common-law Judge at Chambers. His application, with others, was afterwards heard by Mr. Justice Shee, who has taken time to consider his decision.

Franz, or Francis, Müller, the supposed murderer of Mr. Briggs, has been arrested in New York, on disembarment from the Victoria, with the hat and watch of the deceased gentleman in his possession. We have hitherto carefully abstained from speculations as to his guilt or innocence, although these have been freely indulged in by several of our contemporaries. Our reason has been this: that it is sheer idleness to attempt to form a judgment upon a case in which all available evidence has not been brought forward. A plain statement, even a few sentences, from the accused; may entirely change the posture of affairs. If this be uttered, its probable truth or falsity may form a fair subject of comment. At present the case is scarcely ripe for trial, far less for judgment; but, if Müller steadily refuse to give any satisfactory account of his possession of the articles found upon him, there will be a ground for a presumption which his counsel, however apt, will certainly find it difficult to overcome. At present we attach but little importance to the recognition by Mr. Death, the jeweller, of Müller as the man who changed the watch-guard. It may be remembered that, by Mr. Death's own account, this man carefully avoided unnecessary display of his features; while, no doubt, Mr. Death has, like hundreds of others in London and elsewhere, familiarised himself with Müller's features as portrayed in his photograph, of which copies were multiplied long before the capture.

MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

STEALING FROM A CHILD.—Ellen Barratt, twenty-four, married, was indicted for stealing a half-crown and

a sixpence, the money of John Brown, from the person of Alice Brown.

This was a heartless robbery. The daughter of the prosecutor, a little girl ten years of age, and of great intelligence, had been sent by her mother, who resided in Portland-place, Rotherhithe, with the money mentioned, wrapped up in a county-court summons, to take to the Whitechapel County Court. The child met the prisoner, who was a stranger to her, and she inquired the way to a boat to cross the river. The prisoner said she was going that way herself, and during their walk together the prisoner elicited from the child the object of her mission, upon which the prisoner told her to be careful of the money, as a cousin of hers had been robbed a few days before while crossing the river in a boat. She added that she would put the money all right, and taking the packet out of the girl's hands, pretended to place it within the bosom of the child's frock, and then immediately ran away. The little girl examined the packet and found the money gone, and, raising a cry of "Stop thief!" pursued the prisoner, who was captured and conveyed to the police station. On being searched, the summons and 2s. 6d. were found concealed on her person.

The jury, without hesitation, convicted the prisoner, who was sentenced to three months, with hard labour.

POLICE.

MURDER OF MR. BRIGGS.—THE USUAL "CONFESSION."—George Augustus King, about five feet nine or ten inches in height, with straight red whiskers, wiry frame, and of shabby-genteel appearance, calling himself a publisher, living at Bow, was brought before Mr. Ellison, at Worship-street, charged upon his own confession with being concerned in the above alleged murder.

Mr. George Buckley, landlord of the Ranelagh Arms Tavern, Old Ford, stated:—Last night, about eleven o'clock, I was in the bar, talking to my customers, and expressing the extreme gratification I felt at the capture of Müller, with the extra evidence against him, when the prisoner, who was present in front of the bar, suddenly remarked "I could wager a fortune, if I had it, that there were two men congregated in it." A gentleman who was present, turned round and said, "You ought not to say such things, if you do not know them for facts." Prisoner then turned round and replied, "I do not care. Now Müller is caught I am sure to be apprehended. Müller is coming across the Channel in iron, but I can walk out of these doors of liberty." Another person remarked, "I am really astonished at your saying this. If a constable was within hearing he would apprehend you." I then called the prisoner into the tap-room. He was not quite sober. He took my hand, burst into tears, and sobbed out, "I wish to have 50 lb. weight taken off my shoulders." I asked, "What is the matter with you?" He then said, "Müller and I were hard up; we wanted money, and money we would have. It (the murder) was contemplated three days before it took place. We went to Fenchurch-street, waited there until Mr. Briggs arrived, and took two first-class tickets to Hackney-wick. We did not commence our operations until we had just left Bow station. I then struck him twice, Müller struck him three times. Müller opened the door and laid hold of his body. I lifted him up by his legs and threw him out. I got out at Hackney-wick station and ran to the Mitford Castle, went into the parlour, and heard the fireman of an engine halloo out that some person was run over on the line. I went to assist. We had to carry the man into the public-house, and we bathed his temples."

Witness continued to the effect that, being strongly impressed from the prisoner's statement and manner that his representations were truthful, he thought it prudent to acquaint those outside the room, and afterwards returned to the prisoner, who repeated a portion of the statement, which those without heard—among whom two police-constables, who had in the mean time been sent for. The prisoner was then given into custody.

Prisoner (addressing the witness)—Before you took me into the tap-room didn't you give me several glasses of brandy-and-water?

Witness—No, I don't think you had one.

Was I not thoroughly drunk?

No, you were not; because you were sitting on the top rail of a chair with your feet on the seat, which, if much intoxicated, you could not have done.

You made me drunk?

Most certainly not; for at the bar I believe you only had a glass of ale.

Inspector Honey said that, since the prisoner had been apprehended, he had made inquiries at the Mitford Castle and learnt the prisoner was there two hours previous to the time of the asserted murder.

Mr. Safford: Is the Mitford Castle near the spot where the body of Mr. Briggs was discovered?

Mr. Buckley: It is.

Mr. Ellison: Prisoner, at this stage of the proceedings I will not call upon you to say anything. I think the matter of such great importance that opportunity for further and searching investigation should be given. If you have made this statement simply through a drunken freak you cannot complain at the position in which you are placed. I remand you until this day week.

Prisoner was then removed to the cells, where he complained to Benda, the gaoler, of being kept in prison on such a charge, asserting that he should not have made the statement unless drunk.

This being the district in which the alleged murder was committed, a concourse of persons assembled opposite the doors of the Court upon the news of Müller's accostory having been apprehended, and as he left he was greeted with shouts and cries of "Müller!"

THE "DEAR, DELIGHTFUL IRISH."—A young Irish girl, named Jane Ryan, who appeared at the bar in a bonnet of the newest fashion, was charged with stealing sheets and other property from the Trafalgar Hotel, Spring-gardens; and Maria Grattan, a fellow-servant, and an old Irish woman named Catherine Honner were charged as accomplices.

Ann Callaghan, one of the chambermaids at the hotel, deposed that the two prisoners, Ryan and Grattan, were in the same service until that week. A fortnight ago Ryan asked witness to lace up her stays, and she then noticed that prisoner was unusually bulky about the waist. Witness accused her of having a sheet wrapped round her body; but Ryan denied it. A few days afterwards the head chambermaid complained of some sheets being missing, and then witness felt it her duty to mention what she had seen.

Elizabeth Camden, head chambermaid, stated that the prisoners Ryan and Grattan were employed under her. Witness missed both sheets and towels, and spoke to Ryan about them. She intercepted a letter which Ryan had given one of the porters to post for her and opened it. It proved to be a letter addressed to the third prisoner, Honner, at 4, Barton-terrace, New-cross, telling her to be on the look-out, as the robbery was suspected, and the money would be after her.

Ann Franklin said she was lately a servant at the same hotel, and Ryan, Grattan, and witness all lived at Mrs. Honner's after leaving the Trafalgar. She saw Grattan cutting up some linen and calico sheets, and both the prisoners were occupied in making them into underclothing. The pieces of sheeting produced were portions of them. When living at the Trafalgar Hotel witness saw Ryan wearing her mistress's petticoats.

A police-constable deposed that he took the two young prisoners into custody at the house of Mrs. Honner, the third prisoner, at New-cross. He saw some pieces of sheeting about, and took the portion produced from Grattan's box and Mrs. Honner's boxes. The initials of Mr. Dawson had been cut off, and he found one of the pieces containing them. Ryan admitted that she brought some of the linen into the house. When the old woman (Honner) saw the police, she said, "Oh! shocking. If the girls have robbed their mistress they ought to be punished."

Mr. Warren said it was intended to examine Honner as a witness; but it was so obvious that she was the worst of the three, having enticed and encouraged these young girls to rob their employers, that he thought it his duty to have her placed at the bar.

Prisoner Honner—That's right. I'll be here any day you like to name, for I'll never be a party to what's wrong. I'll come again, never fear.

Mr. Burnaby (chief clerk)—Yes, that you will; we shall take care of that.

Honner—But you don't mean to lock me up?

Mr. Burnaby—You are a prisoner.

Honner—Not if I know it. Say when you want me to come here, and I'll come; but I won't be locked up. (The prisoner turned to leave the court.)

Mr. Warren said he could not hope to carry the case any further that day. If the case were remanded for a week, probably some of the other missing property would be found.

Mr. Flowers—Then let the case be remanded for a week. The prisoner Ryan behaved with great levity throughout the proceedings, and appeared to enjoy the eccentricities of the elder prisoner, Honner, as much as any person in court. It was stated that Honner's house was entirely let out to "servants out of place."

SWINDLING.—At the Guildhall, on Tuesday, Charles Davis and William Cooper were brought up on remand, charged with conspiracy to defraud. The system pursued by the prisoners was ingenious. They got expensive samples of goods; and when these were sent for again, they alleged that a porter had called and taken them away. The prisoners' defence was plausible. They said they were only servants, doing their best for a master; and the reason why that master did not appear was that a sheriff's officer was looking for him with a writ. But if the evidence in the case is to be believed, the prisoners, by producing their master, would only drag him in, not exculpate themselves.

"DONE NOTHING. GIVEN IT UP."—Edward Barrett, twenty-one, was charged with picking the pocket of Richard Good, wine-cooper, of Whitechapel, of his purse.

The prosecutor stated that between nine and ten o'clock on Saturday night he was in Leman-street, Whitechapel, when, while he was passing through a crowd, the prisoner pressed closely against him and forced him back. On his leaving, prosecutor saw him draw his purse from his waistcoat pocket. Prosecutor seized hold of his purse, but the prisoner got away. He was pursued and stopped by a policeman.

Police-constable 129 H stated that he stopped the prisoner, who, in reply to a question from him, said, "I've done nothing. I've given it up."

Sergeant Donaway, 11 H, said that the prisoner was the associate of well-known thieves, and that he was constantly at the spot where the prosecutor was robbed, and where lately numerous watch robberies have been committed.

The prisoner pleaded guilty, and was sent to prison for six months with hard labour.

SPECIMEN OF AN ADVERTISING EMPLOYER.—Charles Ward, alias Thomas Ward, who gave the address "Bath House, South Lambeth," and called himself a wine merchant, of Love-lane, City, was charged, before Mr. Tyrwhitt, with obtaining money of Mrs. Cusack, of the Blue Posts, Tottenham-court-road, by means of fictitious cheques.

Mrs. Cusack deposed to cashing a cheque for the prisoner for the sum of £5 11s. The cheque was signed "Wm. Adams," on Hinnell and Co., 1, Scott's-yard, Cannon-street, and the prisoner indorsed it "Thos. Ward." She subsequently cashed a second cheque for the prisoner on Hinnell and Co., Scott's-yard, of the sum of £8 10s, signed "George J. Arthur," which the prisoner indorsed "Ward and Son." She paid the cheques to her distillers, and they were paid into her bank. The firm upon which they were drawn, supposed to be private bankers, was afterwards proved to be a fictitious one.

Abel Dickens, 306 A, said that when Mrs. Cusack applied to the sitting magistrate (Mr. Knox), a few days ago, for a warrant, he was directed to make inquiries at Scott's-yard. He did so, and found that about two years ago a person had lived in the top room of the house under the style of Hinnell and Co., but the real name of the person was Broadbent, and that, not being able to pay the rent of the room, a distress was put in. He (Dickens) was also told that this occurred two years ago, and that the person was now carrying on business elsewhere. He wished for a remand, as a person named Arthur was now under remand upon a similar charge, and he believed, one of the cheques in the present case being signed in the name of Arthur, that there was a connection between the prisoner and Arthur.

The prisoner said he had formerly been in business, but had been bankrupt, and had only recently recommenced business.

Mr. Tyrwhitt remanded the prisoner till Thursday next, the day on which Arthur, who is under remand, will be brought up.

In the prisoner's possession was found the following copy of an advertisement, evidently intended for insertion in some newspaper:—"Time and Capital.—An opportunity offers for a respectable young man, with a sum of £200 at command, to obtain lucrative employment in a house in the City, which would produce him a good income without risk. Apply by letter only, stating age, &c., to A. Z., care of Mr. Davis, 41 and 42, Eastcheap, E.C."

PRISON AND WORKHOUSE.—Mary Starman, a tall young woman, was charged with being disorderly at the door of St. Luke's Workhouse, Chelsea, and demolishing a pane of plate glass, value sixteen shillings.

George Blandford, porter at the workhouse, said that on Friday the defendant came and requested to be admitted. He gave her an order for admission for the night, but she refused to accept it. She wanted to be kept in the house. She said she did not merely wish for the night's lodging, but required permanent maintenance there.

Mr. Arnold—What did she say?

Witness—She said she would either come in for good or go to prison, and nothing else, and then she broke a large pane of glass. I produce a piece of it; it is half an inch thick. When she said she would take her chance and go to prison, she went and got a brick, and then hammered at the glass until she broke it.

Defendant said that she was ill and wanted a doctor's advice, and the workhouse was the place she considered she ought to go to, although she admitted that she had lived a very profligate life.

Mr. Arnold—He offered you an order for admission then, and you should have taken it. What do you say to breaking the glass?

Defendant—I admit it.

Mr. Arnold—I shall commit you for fourteen days, I would give you a longer period, but then you would have better food; with the fourteen days you will only have bread and water.

Defendant exclaimed that she "could do it on her head."

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

CONSIDERABLE heaviness still continues to prevail in the market for Home Securities. Increased sales of money stock have been effected, and prices have suffered rather a serious fall. Consols for money, have been done at 87½, ditto for Account, 83 to 85½; Reduced and New Three per Cents, 83½; Exchequer Bills, March, 15s. 10s. 6d.; Ditto, June, 2s. 13s. 6d. Bank Stock has been 22 to 24.

India Stocks, &c., have changed hands slowly, at about previous rates to a slight decline. India Stock has been 21½; Ditto, New, 10½; and the Five per Cent. Rupee Paper, 101. The Bonds have sold at 2½ discount.

There has been a steady, though by no means active, demand for money for commercial purposes, at full rates. In the Open Market the quotations are:—

Thirty Days' Bills 8½ per cent.
Sixty Days' 8½
Three Months' 8½
Four Months' 9 9½
Six Months' 9 10

The Indian exchanges show an adverse movement of from 1 to 1½ per cent. The Council for India have disposed of £300,000 on the various Presidencies, at previous rates.

With the exception of the Confederate Loan, in the value of which a considerable improvement has taken place, the quotation being at 100, the market for Foreign Securities has ruled quiet, but without leading to any material change in prices from last week.

Joint stock Bank Shares have been dull, and prices have, in some instances, declined. Alliance have sold at 50; Bank of British Columbia, 145; Chartered of India, Australia, and China, 37½; City, 122; Consolidated, 101; English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered, 70; Harp, 121; Hongkong, China, and Japan, 80; 101; Imperial Ottoman, 101; Land Mortgage of India, 41; London and County, 73½; Merchant, 29½; Mercantile and Exchange, 13; Ditto, New, 10½; Metropolitan and Provincial, 14½; Oriental, 50; South Australian, 36; and Union of London, 51½.

In Colonial Government Securities but little business has been done. Ceylon, 101; New Zealand, 101; Victoria, 109½; and New South Wales, 101 per Centa, 109½.

Financial companies shares have declined in value, and the market for Miscellaneous Securities has ruled heavy. Anglo-Siam, 123; Credit Foncier, 123; Credit Mobilier, 14; Crystal Palace, 35; Discount Corporation, 14; East India Irrigation and Canal, 35; Egyptian Commercial and Trading, 35; Electric Telegraph, 105; English and Australian Copper, 14 ex div.; Fore-ster Warehouse, 64; General Office, 14; Hudson's Bay, 104; International Financial, 24; Lancashire, 41; London Financial, 31; Ditto, New, 17½; London General Omnibus, 24; Royal Mail Steam, 91; Thames and Mersey Marine Insurance, 64; West India and Pacific Steam, 124.

In Railway Shares the transactions have been on a very moderate scale, at depressed quotations.

METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—But moderate supplies of English wheat have been received at our market this week. For all qualities, however, the trade has ruled quiet, at previous quotations. With foreign wheat the market has been well supplied, and sales have proceeded slowly in all descriptions, at late rates. Barley has ruled less active, and prices have had a drooping tendency. Oats have been freely offered, and the demand has somewhat fallen off; the quotations, however, have ruled firm. Beans and peas have moved off steadily, at full quotations. The flour trade has ruled steady, at late rates.

CURRENT PRICES.—Wheat: English, white, 43s. 4d. to 47s.; ditto, 1864, 43s. 4d. to 48s.; ditto, red, 1863, 39s. 4d. to 44s.; 41s. 4d. to 47s.; Talavera, 46s. to 52s.; foreign, 40s. to 43s.; barley, malted, 32s. to 37s.; grinding and distilling, 24s. to 31s.; oats, 19s. to 22s.; 1864, 19s. to 22s.; 1863, 19s. to 22s.; 1862, 19s. to 22s.; 1861, 19s. to 22s.; 1860, 19s. to 22s.; 1859, 19s. to 22s.; 1858, 19s. to 22s.; 1857, 19s. to 22s.; 1856, 19s. to 22s.; 1855, 19s. to 22s.; 1854, 19s. to 22s.; 1853, 19s. to 22s.; 1852, 19s. to 22s.; 1851, 19s. to 22s.; 1850, 19s. to 22s.; 1849, 19s. to 22s.; 1848, 19s. to 22s.; 1847, 19s. to 22s.; 1846, 19s. to 22s.; 1845, 19s. to 22s.; 1844, 19s. to 22s.; 1843, 19s. to 22s.; 1842, 19s. to 22s.; 1841, 19s. to 22s.; 1840, 19s. to 22s.; 1839, 19s. to 22s.; 1838, 19s. to 22s.; 1837, 19s. to 22s.; 1836, 19s. to 22s.; 1835, 19s. to 22s.; 1834, 19s. to 22s.; 1833, 19s. to 22s.; 1832, 19s. to 22s.; 1831, 19s. to 22s.; 1830, 19s. to 22s.; 1829, 19s. to 22s.; 1828, 19s. to 22s.; 1827, 19s. to 22s.; 1826, 19s. to 22s.; 1825, 19s. to 22s.; 1824, 19s. to 22s.; 1823, 19s. to 22s.; 1822, 19s. to 22s.; 1821, 19s. to 22s.; 1820, 19s. to 22s.; 1819, 19s. to 22s.; 1818, 19s. to 22s.; 1817, 19s. to 22s.; 1816, 19s. to 22s.; 1815, 19s. to 22s.; 1814, 19s. to 22s.; 1813, 19s. to 22s.; 1812, 19s. to 22s.; 1811, 19s. to 22s.; 1810, 19s. to 22s.; 1809, 19s. to 22s.; 1808, 19s. to 22s.; 1807, 19s. to 22s.; 1806, 19s. to 22s.; 1805, 19s. to 22s.; 1804, 19s. to 22s.; 1803, 19s. to 22s.; 1802, 19s. to 22s.; 1801, 19s. to 22s.; 1800, 19s. to 22s.; 1799, 19s. to 22s.; 1798, 19s. to 22s.; 1797, 19s. to 22s.; 1796, 19s. to 22s.; 1795, 19s. to 22s.; 1794, 19s. to 22s.; 1793, 19s. to 22s.; 1792, 19s. to 22s.; 1791, 19s. to 22s.; 1790, 19s. to 22s.; 1789, 19s. to 22s.; 1788, 19s. to 22s.; 1787, 19s. to 22s.; 1786, 19s. to 22s.; 1785, 19s. to 22s.; 1784, 19s. to 22s.; 1783, 19s. to 22s.; 1782, 19s. to 22s.; 1781, 19s. to 22s.; 1780, 19s. to 22s.; 1779, 19s. to 22s.; 1778, 19s. to 22s.; 1777, 19s. to 22s.; 1776, 19s. to 22s.; 1775, 19s. to 22s.; 1774, 19s. to 22s.; 1773, 19s. to 22s.; 1772, 19s. to 22s.; 1771, 19s. to 22s.; 1770, 19s. to 22s.; 1769, 19s. to 22s.; 1768, 19s. to 22s.; 1767, 19s. to 22s.; 1766, 19s. to 22s.; 1765, 19s. to 22s.; 1764, 19s. to 22s.; 1763, 19s. to 22s.; 1762, 19s. to 22s.; 1761, 19s. to 22s.; 1760, 19s. to 22s.; 1759, 19s. to 22s.; 1758, 19s. to 22s.; 1757, 19s. to 22s.; 1756, 19s. to 22s.; 1755, 19s. to 22s.; 1754, 19s. to 22s.; 1753, 19s. to 22s.; 1752, 19s. to 22s.; 1751, 19s. to 22s.; 1750, 19s. to 22s.; 1749, 19s. to 22s.; 1748, 19s. to 22s.; 1747, 19s. to 22s.; 1746, 19s. to 22s.; 1745, 19s. to 22s.; 1744, 19s. to 22s.; 1743, 19s. to 22s.; 1742, 19s. to 22s.; 1741, 19s. to 22s.; 1740, 19s. to 22s.; 1739, 19s. to 22s.; 1738, 19s. to 22s.; 1737, 19s. to 22s.; 1736, 19s. to 22s.; 1735, 19s. to 22s.; 1734, 19s. to 22s.; 1733, 19s. to 22s.; 1732, 19s. to 22s.; 1731, 19s. to 22s.; 1730, 19s. to 22s.; 1729, 19s. to 22s.; 1728, 19s. to 22s.; 1727, 19s. to 22s.; 1726, 19s. to 22s.; 1725, 19s. to 22s.; 1724, 19s. to 22s.; 1723, 19s. to 22s.; 1722, 19s. to 22s.; 1721, 19s. to 22s.; 1720, 19s. to 22s.; 1719, 19s. to 22s.; 1718, 19s. to 22s.; 1717, 19s. to 22s.; 1716, 19s. to 22s.; 1715, 19s. to 22s.; 1714, 19s. to 22s.; 1713, 19s. to 22s.; 1712, 19s. to 22s.; 1711, 19s. to 22s.; 1710, 19s. to 22s.; 1709, 19s. to 22s.; 1708, 19s. to 22s.; 1707, 19s. to 22s.; 1706, 19s. to 22s.; 1705, 19s. to 22s.; 1704, 19s. to 22s.; 1703, 19s. to 22s.; 1702, 19s. to 22s.; 1701, 19s. to 22s.; 1700, 19s. to 22s.; 1699, 19s. to 22s.; 1698, 19s. to 22s.; 1697, 19s. to 22s.; 1696, 19s. to 22s.; 1695, 19s. to 22s.; 1694, 19s. to 22s.; 1693, 19s. to 22s.; 1692, 19s. to 22s.; 1691, 19s. to 22s.; 1690, 19s. to 22s.; 1689, 19s. to 22s.; 1688, 19s. to 22s.; 1687, 19s. to 22s.; 1686, 19s. to 22s.; 1685, 19s. to 22s.; 1684, 19s. to 22s.; 1683, 19s. to 22s.; 1682, 19s. to 22s.; 1681, 19s. to 22s.; 1680, 19s. to 22s.; 1679, 19s. to 22s.; 1678, 19s. to 22s.; 1677, 19s. to 22s.; 1676, 19s. to 22s.; 1675, 19s. to 22s.; 1674, 19s. to 22s.; 1673, 19s. to 22s.; 1672, 19s. to 22s.; 1671, 19s. to 22s.; 1670, 19s. to 22s.; 1669, 19s. to 22s.; 1668, 19s. to 22s.; 1667, 19s. to 22s.; 1666, 19s. to 22s.; 1665, 19s. to 22s.; 1664, 19s. to 22s.; 1663, 19s. to 22s.; 1662, 19s. to 22s.; 1661, 19s. to 22s.; 1660, 19s. to 22s.; 1659, 19s. to 22s.; 1658, 19s. to 22s.; 1657, 19s. to 22s.; 1656, 19s. to 22s.; 1655, 19s. to 22s.; 1654, 19s. to 22s.; 1653, 19s. to 22s.; 1652, 19s. to 22s.; 1651, 19s. to 22s.; 1650, 19s. to 22s.; 1649, 19s. to 22s.; 1648, 19s. to 22s.; 1647, 19s. to 22s.; 1646, 19s. to 22s.; 1645, 19s. to 22s.; 1644, 19s. to 22s.; 1643, 19s. to 22s.; 1642, 19s. to 22s.; 1641, 19s.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
TOURIST TICKETS for ONE MONTH are now issued from Paddington, Victoria, Hammersmith, Kensington, Notting-hill, Chelsea, Battersea, Farringdon-street, King's-cross, Gower-street, and Portland-road Stations to the COASTS of SOMERSET, DEVON, and CORNWALL—via, Minehead, Linton, Ilfracombe, &c.; Teignmouth, Torquay, Tintagel, Plymouth, Falmouth, Penzance, &c.
Also WEXMOUTH and the Channel Islands.
NORTH WALES—Aberystwyth, Bala, Dolgelly, Llangollen, Rhyl, Llandudno, Llanrwst, Bangor, Carnarvon, Holyhead, &c.
Also to the ISLE OF MAN, via Liverpool.
SOUTH WALES—Newport, Carmarthen, New Milford, Tenby, &c.
TICKETS are issued for CIRCULAR TOURS in NORTH and SOUTH WALES by five routes.
BUXTON, MALVERN, and the Tour of the Valley of the Wye, &c.
THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT—Windermere, Ulverston, Conistone, Furness Abbey, Penrith, &c.
YORKSHIRE—Scarborough, Harrogate, &c.
IRELAND—Lakes of Killarney, Limerick, &c.
Programmes containing fares and full particulars may be obtained at all the Company's Stations and Receiving Offices.
Paddington, August, 1864. J. GIBBSON, General Manager.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,
Entrances, Regent-street and Piccadilly.
PROFESSOR ANDERSON,
in his
ENCHANTED PSYCHOMANTHEUM.
Assisted by
Miss ANDERSON,
in her own mansion of
"SECOND SIGHT,"
has made a success unparalleled in the annals of
MAGIC and MYSTERY.
THE "WORLD OF MAGIC"
received every evening with enthusiastic applause, attesting to its being the grandest entertainment ever produced in London.
The Opening Programme, in its present form, will be repeated Every Evening at Eight o'clock, and on Saturday Mornings at Three. Doors Open at Seven and Two o'clock. Stalls (Dress, numbered and strictly reserved, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Second Seats, 1s.; Body of Hall and Galleries, 1s.). Jockey Tickets for the Stalls and Balcony, 2s. each. Reserved Seats may be secured at the Box-office, 28, Piccadilly, under the superintendence of Mr. Austin.

New Edition, just out,
A SHILLING'S WORTH OF MAGIC,
with the Biography of a Wandering Wizard all over the World. Also an Exposé of Table-Rapping, or so-called Spiritualism. Now published, and may be had of any Bookseller and at all the railway stations in the kingdom, and at the St. James's Hall, Price 1s.

THE PRIZE POEMS receiving the 100 guineas as offered in advertisements, "No 1 for a Shakespeare," are now published. Illustrated with Lithograph Portraits. Gratis on application to principal Drapers everywhere, or by stamped address to DAY and SONS, Lincoln's Inn-fields, London.

Now ready,
THE ILLUSTRATED PENNY ALMANACK
for 1865,
containing Twelve Original Engravings emblematic of the Months, numerous Engravings selected from the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Tables of Stamps, Taxes, and Licences, Ellipses, Remarkable Events, Postage Regulations, and a great variety of useful and interesting information. The trade supplied by W. M. CLARKE, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row; and G. Vickers, Angel-court (172, Strand, London).

JERRARD'S SERIES OF JUVENILE
CARDS DE VISITE, BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED in Oil Colours. Children are more pleased with these than with Photographs.
12 sent as samples, with a list of 84 subjects, post-free for 36 stamps.
Address John Jerrard, 172, Fleet-street, London.

PICTURE FRAMES! PICTURE FRAMES!
Best and Cheapest in London. The Colonial Pictures given with the "Illustrated London News," framed in handsome Gilt Moulding, from 1s. 6d., at 27, Drury-lane, and 31, St. Martin's-lane.

PIANOFORTES EXTRAORDINARY
at MOORE and MOORE'S, 104, Bishopsgate-street Within.
These Pianos are of rare excellence, with the best improvements recently applied, which effect a grand, pure, and delightful quality of tone that stands unrivalled. From the Eighteen Guineas. First-class pianos for hire, on easy terms of purchase. Jury award, International Exhibition: Honourable mention "for good and cheap pianos." Carriage-free.

PIANOS FOR HIRE.—CARRIAGE-FREE.
Option of Purchase, convenient terms at any period.
The largest assortment in London of every description and price.
PEACHEY, Makers, 73, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

TOURISTS derive additional pleasure in their rambles when accompanied with MINERALS, ROCKS, and FOSSILS. Mr. TOWNSEND, 149, Strand, London, gives practical INSTRUCTIONS to Ladies and Gentlemen; and, from his extensive Collections, comprising many thousands of specimens, persons are enabled, in a dozen or twenty private lessons, to identify the ordinary components of Rocks and most of the Minerals and Geology used in the Arts. Mr. Townsend can also supply elementary Geological Collections at 2s. 10, 20, 30, 50, 100 guineas each.

STARCH MANUFACTURERS TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,
USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY,
and awarded the Prize Medal.

BROWN AND POLSON'S
PATENT CORN FLOUR.
Packets, 8d.
For Puddings, Cakes, &c., and a favourite Diet for Children, being preferable to the best Arrowroot.

PURE PICKLES, SAUCES, JAMS, &c.,
and Table Delicacies of the highest quality, pure and wholesome.
See "Lancet" Report.
CROSS and BLACKWELL,
Purveyors to the Queen,
80, SOHO-SQUARE, LONDON.
May be obtained from all Grocers and Oilmen.

CAUTION.—COCKS' CELEBRATED
READING SAUCE, for Fish, Game, &c., Soups, Gravies, Roast and Cold Meats, and generally used, is sold by all respectable dealers in sauces. It is manufactured only by the executors of the sole proprietor, Charles Cocks, 6, Duke-street, Reading, the Original Sauce Warehouse. All others are spurious imitations.

BREIDENBACH'S WOOD VIOLET,
Forget-me-not, and Jockey Club, three of the finest perfumes made.—157, New Bond-street.

COLMAN'S GENUINE MUSTARD
obtained the Only Prize Medal
at the International Exhibition, 1862.
Trade Mark.—The Bull's Head.

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD-LIVER OIL.—THE UNEQUALLED REMEDY FOR DISEASES OF THE CHEST.—DR. WAUDRY, late Physician to the Herford Infirmary, writes:—"I can take DR. DE JONGH'S OIL without difficulty or dislike, and with as little inconvenience as water. I have used it myself, and in many others I have seen, it has caused an improvement of chest symptoms, and an increase of weight so soon and so lastingly, as to be quite remarkable. I believe DR. DE JONGH'S OIL to be the most valuable remedy we possess for chronic and constitutional disease." Sold only in capsules of Imperial half-pint, 2s. 6d.; pints 4s. 9d.; quarts, 9s. by Dr. DE JONGH'S Sole Consignees, ANSAR, HARFORD, and CO., 77, Strand, London; and Chemists.

CAUTION.—Chlorodyne.—In Chancery.
Vice-Chancellor Sir W. P. Wood stated that Dr. Brown was undoubtedly the inventor—eminent hospital physicians of London stated that Dr. J. Collis Brown was the discoverer of Chlorodyne; that they prescribed it largely, and much more so than Dr. Brown's. See Times, July 13, 1864. The public, therefore, are cautioned against using any other than Dr. J. COLLIS BROWN'S CHLORODYNE. It is affirmed by medical testimonials to be the most efficacious medicine for CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SPASMS, RHEUMATISM, &c.
No home should be without it. Sold in bottles, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, London, W.C., sole manufacturer. Observe particularly, none genuine unless it bears the words "Dr. J. Collis Brown's Chlorodyne" on the Government stamp.

GOUT OR RHEUMATISM
is quickly relieved, and cured in a few days, by that celebrated Medicine BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS. They require neither restraint of diet nor confinement during their use. Sold at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per box by all Medicine Vendors.

SALVEO PEDES.—TENDER FEET.
A sure remedy in ANGUS SLEIGHT'S Salveo Pedes.
Sold by Chemists, Patent Medicine Vendors and Perfumers, in half-pint bottles, 1s. 6d. and bottles 2s. 6d. each. Wholesale, 13, Little Britain, E.C.

FOR EARLY AUTUMN.
New Striped, Checked, and Brooch Silks, in all the new Colours, £1 19s. 6d. £2 4s. 6d. the extra Full Dress.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

EVERY NOVELTY IN NEW AUTUMN DRESSES.
Both of British and Foreign Manufacture, from 12s. 6d. to 5 guineas the Full Dress.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

IN ALL WOOL OR SILK AND WOOL.
THE NEW "DIAGONAL SERGE"
can be had in every Colour, 35s. and 49s. 6d. Full Dress.
A very desirable first-class Dress.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

A PERFECTLY NEW SERIES OF COLOURINGS IN REAL ABERDEEN WINCEYS.
In every quality, at old prices.
A selection from upwards of 2000 pieces.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

AUTUMN SILKS.—PATTERNS FREE.
New Checked Glacé, 12 Yards, £1 10s. 6d. Patterns of Rich Silks.
JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

AUTUMN SILKS.—PATTERNS FREE.
New Striped Glacé, 12 Yards, £1 10s. 6d. Patterns of New Ribbed Silks.
JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

AUTUMN FABRICS.—PATTERNS FREE.
Aberdeen Linseys. Knickerbocker Linseys. All mixtures. Best and medium qualities.
JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

AUTUMN SKIRTS AND SKIRTINGS.
Fancy Aberdeen and Tartan Skirtings. Quilted Satin and Silk Skirts.
JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

THIS SEASON'S FASHIONS IN DRESS.
Ladies and the Public visiting London are respectfully invited to inspect our Stock, at the International Exhibition, of the latest Novelties in Dress, of British and Foreign Manufacture. Rich, Durable, and Cheap Dress Silks, Millinery Silks, Velvets, Teries, and Satins.
Every new Style in Mantles and Jackets, in Velvets, Astracans, and all new materials.
Pailseys and Wool Shawls in all the latest Designs.
Aberdeen Winseys, from 12s. 6d. per yard, wide width.
French Merinos, in all the new Colours, from 1s. 11d. wide width.
Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Trimmings, Haberdashery, &c.
Furs of every description, sold in Sets or separately.
Family and Complimentary Mourning.
Drapers, Milliners, and Dressmakers supplied with Cut Lengths at Trade Price.
Matching Orders carefully and promptly attended to.
Patterns post-free.
Close on Saturdays at Five o'clock.
JAMES SPENCE and CO., Wholesale and Retail Silkmercers, Drapers, &c., 77 and 78, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

8230 Yards NEW CHECKED AND STRIPED
SILKS, at 1 guinea, £1 5s. 6d., and 14 guineas the Dress.
Moire Antiques, from £1 19s. 6d. the Dress of 10 Yards, wide width.
Reversible Brooch Silks, with flowers the same on both sides, woven on a new principle, all Colours, 3s. 6d. yard.
A large parcel of last year's Silks, from 1s. 6d. to 4s. a yard, half their original prices.
Write to NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

DO YOU WISH YOUR CHILDREN
DRESS?—Boys' Knickerbocker Suits in Cloth, from 15s. 9d. Useful School Suits, from 12s. 9d. Patterns of the Cloth, directions for measurement, and 45 Engravings of New Dresses post-free.—NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard.

AS FINE AS THE HUMAN HAIR.
3 for 1s., any colours, Invisible Hair Nets, post-free for 12 stamps. The new Brighton Velvet Rosettes, 2s. The new Coronet, in Velvet, 2s. Post-free.—BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

SEWELL and CO.'S MOIRES ANTIQUES.
Spitalfields manufacture, celebrated throughout the kingdom. 4 guineas the Full Dress, in all Colours.
Compton House, Fitch-street; and Old Compton-street, Soho, W.

SEWELL and CO.'S TRAVELLING and WATERPROOF CLOAKS.
One Guinea.
Compton House, Fitch-street; and Old Compton-street, Soho, W.

WATERPROOF TWEED CLOAKS.
Walking and Yachting Jackets, Serges, Fine Tweeds, and Linsey Woolseys for Ladies' Travelling and Soaside Dresses.
Patterns forwarded free.
JAMES LOCKE and CO., the Scotch Warehouse.
By appointment to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 117, 119, and 127, Regent-street, London.

THE SMEES' SPRING MATTRESS.
TUCKER'S PATENT, or "SOMMER TUCKER."
Price from 25s.
Received the ONLY Prize Medal or Honourable Mention given to Bedding of any description at the International Exhibition, 1862.
The Jury of Class 33, in their Report, page 6, No. 2905, and page 11, No. 2014, say:—"The Sommer Tucker is perfectly solid, very healthy, and moderate in price."
"A combination as simple as it is ingenious."
"A bed as healthy as it is comfortable."
To be obtained of most respectable Upholsters and Bedding Warehousemen, or wholesale of the Manufacturers, Wm. Smees and Sons, Finsbury, London, E.C.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.
"Need only be known to be appreciated."—Era. "The most perfect-fitting shirt made."—Observer. Six very superior qualities for 45s. Price-lists and instructions for self-measurement post-free.
Patentees, Richd. Ford and Co., 38, Poultry, E.C.

SANSFLECTOR CRINOLINES.
15s. 6d., 18s. 6d., and 21s.
"Wear admirably well."—Court Journal.
E. PHILPOT, 37, Piccadilly.

THOMAS'S PATENT SEWING-MACHINES.
For Family use, Dressmaking, &c. They will Hem, Bind, Braid, Gather, Tuck, Cord, &c. Illustrations and Samples of the Work may be had on application to W. F. Thomas and Co., 66, Newgate-street; and Regent-circus, Oxford-street.

H. WALKER'S PATENT RIDGED
NEEDLES thread easily; the ridge prevents the eye dragging; they do the best work without fatigue, and with incredible speed. Samples post-free, 1s. to 10s., of any Dealer.—H. Walker, Alcester; and 47, Gresham-street, London.

THE NEW FILTER.—Dr. FORBES says:
"Mr. LIPSCOMB'S PATENT NEW FILTER is the only known method by which lead and lime are removed from drinking water. It is, therefore, a most valuable invention." Can only be had at Mr. Lipcomb's Filter Office, 213, Strand (three doors from Temple-bar). Prospectus free.

EVERY ONE has marked the unpleasant, dirty appearance of a Glass Eye, which can always be detected by the disagreeable expression on the physiognomy. But it is now known that M. BOISSONNEAU, senior, Oculist to the French Army and Hospitals, of No. 11, Rue de Moncaen, Paris, has invented a little Chef-d'œuvre, in the shape of a Glass Eye, which combines the attributes of lightness, solidity, and comfort with the expressive motion of the visual organs. The injured eye requires no previous operation. The new invention can be inserted without disturbing the patient; it enables him to see without a mirror.
M. Boissonneau will be in London (Strand) at the Hotel, Brook-street, Grosvenor-circus, on the 15th and 16th of September.
Any person desirous of communicating with him by correspondence will be delighted to send the colour of the eye required and a photograph of the face, not coloured.

COCKLE'S PILLS.—A Family Aperient of High and Unrivalled Reputation.—COCKLE'S PILLS (established upwards of fifty years) are the best remedy for bile, sick headache, indigestion, acidity or heartburn, flatulency, spasms of the stomach and bowels, giddiness, dimness of sight, lowness of spirits, drowsiness, and those alarming symptoms which are frequently the forerunners of apoplexy. Prepared only by James Cockle, 18, New Ormond-street; and may be had of all Medicine Vendors in boxes at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT should receive a fair and impartial trial from all afflicted with sores, wounds, bad legs, various venereal, tubercular, or muscular, contracted sinews, and many infirmities by which multitudes pass through a miserable existence to an early grave.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
29, Lombard-street, London; and
Royal Insurance-buildings, Liverpool.

At the Annual Meeting, on the 5th inst., the following were some of the leading results disclosed in the Report to the Shareholders:—

FIRE BRANCH.
The Premiums of the year 1863 reached the sum of... £311,668
Being an Advance of... £40,577
over 1862; an amount of increase exceeding that of any previous year.
The Revenue from Fire Premiums has been enhanced in four years by the large sum of... £113,353
The Duty paid to Government in 1863 was... £75,993
Ditto 1862 was... £8,996

Showing an Increase in one year of... £12,973
Among the incidents which have tended to the advancement of the Royal within the last few months may be reckoned its action with respect to the losses sustained by the explosion of the Lot-y-leigh, which, although only consistent with the general tenor of the conduct of the Company, and ultimately proved to be no more than what had been done in former times by the oldest and most proverbially honourable among its contemporaries, yet attracted attention and public favour by its unhesitating promptness.
As the largest total of the largest and the largest amount of progression has been attained in the present year, so it appears that the largest Profit which it has ever fallen to the Directors to record has likewise on this occasion to be announced. The balance of Net Profit on the year has amounted to £23,545, of which sum £31,100 only has been appropriated to Dividend and Bonus, and the large Balance of £29,444 has been carried to Reserve.

LIFE BRANCH.
The progress of the Life Branch, as shown by the New Business transacted in the last year, is most promising, and the advances made, year by year, in the amount of New Insurances effected, show clearly the estimation in which the Company is held. The following is a statement for the last five years:—

Net Sum Assured on New Policies	Net Premiums, after deducting Guarantees
1859 .. £234,470 11 10	£13,096 0 5
1860 .. £402,241 16 2	£15,079 10 0
1861 .. £481,107 10 0	£16,607 10 0
1862 .. £501,427 15 3	£22,333 13 2
1863 .. £525,546 18 10	£24,069 12 8

This rapid growth, amounting to 73 per cent on the Sum Assured, and upwards of 80 per cent on the Premiums received in the course of five years, may justly be considered as larger than any which could have been reasonably expected. The first half of the current year 1864, however, far outstrips the ratio of increase indicated by the figures just quoted, as the Sum assured for that period of six months only actually exceeds Half-a-Million Sterling.
The rate of Mortality, likewise, still presents highly favourable features, and the result to be shown by the quinquennial investigation, which is to take place when the present year is concluded.

PERCY M. DOWD, Manager and Actuary.
JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Secretary in London.

£1000 IN CASE OF DEATH,
or an Allowance of £6 per week while laid up by injury caused by ACCIDENT OF ANY KIND, whether Walking, Riding, Driving, Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, or at Home, may be secured by an annual payment of £3 to the **ALWAYS FAVORABLE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**
For particulars apply to the Offices, 10, Regent-street; and 64, Cornhill.
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